

# THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

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An organization of dedicated men which should be better known for its work of heroic charity is the Order of the Hospitaller Brothers of Saint John of God. In picture and text we present their story. Fortunately, pictures are included, for it almost seems as though people of today could hardly visualize charity and manly devotion such as exemplified by the Brothers, something from another and better age, the age of faith.

The newest feast of the liturgy, its significance and theology, is detailed by Father Denis K. O'Regan, O.P., in "The Queenship of Mary."

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### EDITOR

Thomas Shanley, O.P.

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

John F. Ryan, O.P.

### CIRCULATION MANAGER

Peter Nuttall, O.P.

### NATIONAL DIRECTOR

Harry C. Graham, O.P.  
141 East 65th Street  
New York 21, N. Y.

### ASSOCIATE DIRECTORS

John P. McDermott, O.P.  
Joseph H. Kenny, O.P.

### CHICAGO OFFICE

#### DIRECTOR

F. L. Vander Heyden, O.P.  
1909 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago 8, Ill.

### SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE

2390 Bush St., San Francisco 15, Calif.

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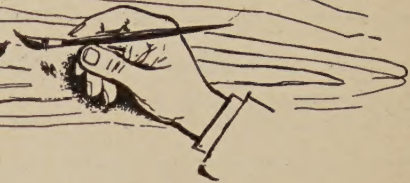
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# Editorial Page



## *In The Fullness Of Time*

Thirteen days after this month's Holy Name Communion Sunday, the Christian world will again joyously celebrate the commemoration of Christ's Nativity. More than nineteen hundred years have been imprinted on history's pages since the winter night those fortunate few shepherds, caring for their flocks on Judean hills, were informed by angels that the long looked-for Redeemer had at last arrived. As true messengers from heaven, the angels brought news of the event which had occurred in David's little town of Bethlehem, which event was of transcendent importance in heaven and all of creation. The newborn Infant, the only-begotten Son of the Creator of the Universe, arrived on earth in fulfilment of God's oft-repeated promise of a Messiah, a Divine Liberator, for sinful humans.

Since the birth of Christ, individuals have attempted to intimate by imitation the goodness and generosity of God the Father, Who gave to mankind His own Son. Thus we lovingly present gifts to relatives and friends. God the Father in giving His Son as the Redeemer of the human race exhibited His love for creatures. Our affection and Christ-like regard for others is the basis for the idea of presents at Christmas.

We here at National Headquarters of the Holy Name Society are unable to present our friends with any material Christmas gift, but indeed we do wish all a Blessed, Peaceful and a Merry Christmas. We wish you the full happiness of the realization that Christmas commemorates the coming of Jesus Christ, the God-man.

## *Holy Name Month*

It is appropriate that Confraternity ceremonies and observances mark the month of January as the month of the Holy Name. In this month all the Church celebrates the naming of Jesus, the Infant Savior, and indeed in January, a special feast day, in addition to the Holy Day of the Circumcision, honors the name of Jesus. It is the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, observed on the Sunday between the commemoration of the Circumcision and the Feast of Epiphany.

The whole month of January is "a natural" for bringing to life an awareness of the Holy Name devotion. No time is better for testing by actual execution our ingenuity in materializing or dramatizing what the Holy Name means in the life of men. Next month affords just the proper occasion for parish poster campaigns, for reverence promotions, membership drives, special Holy Name devotions. It is a month for the Litany of the Holy Name.

Many parochial Holy Name societies have profited greatly from observances like these. How about your parish Holy Name?

## *Safe-Driving Day*

"S-D Day," December 15, is an odd sort of national campaign, in a sense. But although it advocates something everybody is "for" — no nays here — the day nevertheless deserves full cooperation from every citizen. So serious a matter has driving and the movement of traffic become, that safety and saneness is now practically a matter of morality. Do your civic duty in driving safely—eliminate traffic accidents, especially for this demonstration-of-saneness day, December 15.



*A glorious crowning for our beloved  
Blessed Mother — the Supreme Pontiff  
proclaims for mankind the new feast of—*

# *The Queenship Of Mary*

by Denis K. O'Regan, O.P.

**O**UR PRESENT Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, happily reigning, has once again shown his filial love for Mary, the Mother of God. No doubt the unprecedented state of world-wide warring of the nations during his pontificate, and the terrible restlessness of the aftermath, have made him turn more and more to the Queen of Peace, as to a haven of tranquil love and hope. During the troubled era of his reign, he has frequently promoted a renewed life in her. He has taken very much to heart her message of Fatima; he has, in fact, been the zealous custodian of its important warnings, and has regarded, with concern, the urgency of Mary's appeal since assuming the tiara of office.

Promoting of Mary's honor and glory will characterize his reign in the pages of history. He has pitted the Message of Fatima against the Manifesto of Marxism. He has ordered the consecration of the world to her, including a special consecration of Russia. He has defined as a Dogma of Faith the glorious bodily Assumption of our Blessed Mother into heaven. He has set aside a whole year as a special Marian Year to celebrate the centenary of her magnificent Immaculate Conception as a defined dogma. Now it follows as a logical and beautiful flowering of the Marian Year, that he should decree the new feast of her Queenship. The formal proclamation of the new feast came on November 1, 1954, the fourth anniversary of the dogma of Mary's Assumption, when our Holy Father crowned a venerated

image of the most blessed Virgin preserved in the Basilica of St. Mary Major. The thirty-first day of May each year will be set aside to mark the new star in her galaxy of feasts.

In the course of the liturgical year, there is a very close affinity between the celebration of events in the life of our Divine Lord and those in the life of Mary. This is not to be wondered at since the Church has always insisted on reliving, liturgically, that close, intimate relationship that existed between Mother and Son that bound them together while they lived on earth. It preserves while doing so, of course, and with theological preciseness, the distinction between them as to nature, origin, attributes and dignity.

We have, therefore, corresponding to the feast of the Annunciation, which is the Conception of Christ, the Immaculate Conception of our Lady; to the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus corresponds the feast of the Holy Name of Mary; to Christmas Day corresponds the feast-day of the Nativity of the Virgin; to the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple corresponds Mary's Presentation; to Good Friday corresponds the feast of the Seven Dolors of our Lady; to Christ the Mediator corresponds the Mother Mediatrix; to the Ascension of our Lord corresponds the Assumption of Mary. And now it is more than fitting that there should be allied with the glorious feast of the Kingship of Christ, the new feast of the Queenship of Mary.

Ever since the days of the ancient

catacombs of Rome, the early Christians, and Christians down through the centuries of time, have invoked and honored Mary under numerous titles which proclaim the glory of her power and the sublime office of her life. The Supreme Pontiffs have added her title of Queen, under various aspects, to the Litany of Loretto until, at the present time, she is invoked no less than twelve times in her Litany. The last one, *Queen assumed into Heaven*, was added four years' ago on the occasion of the definition of the dogma of the Assumption. At least since the Thirteenth Century, her Coronation has been celebrated as the Fifth Glorious Mystery of her Rosary. Numberless churches have been dedicated to her under the title of Queen, such as Our Lady, Queen of Martyrs; Our Lady, Queen of Sorrows, and similar titles. It is very much in evidence, in the history of the Church, that she has always been enshrined in the hearts of the faithful as Queen of all, ever since its inception.

**T**HE IMPLICATION of Mary's Queenship lies even in her name. "And the virgin's name was Mary," writes St. Luke with the simplicity of introduction peculiar to the gospel narrative. There are those who maintain that her name was the result of special knowledge accorded to St. Ann by an angelic messenger from heaven. Such was held, for example, by the Venerable Mary of Jesus of Agreda, supposedly by a private



revelation. Whether her name was conferred by special revelation or was given by the process of ordinary channels, it is certain that, by Providential design, it was well suited to her role as Mother of God.

Throughout the Christian world, Mary is commonly referred to as Our Lady, Notre Dame, Madonna and it is in this title we find the implication of her *Queenship*. This title *Lady* does not merely mean a woman of culture and refinement; it adds to this notion the idea of *Sovereign Mistress* in whom are invested power and influence of great magnitude. In the Aramaic tongue, Mary was pronounced Mariam, a name certainly containing the concept of sovereignty and dominion. This is the meaning also, according to St. Jerome, that is derived from its Syriac connotation. The early Fathers of the Church both in the East, Saints Ephrem and John Damascene, and in the West, Saints Peter Chrysologus, Anselm, Peter Damien, Bernard, all referred to Mary as *Lady of Power* (*Domina*) and *Queen* (*Regina*). The preeminent Doctors of the Church, Saints Albert the Great and Thomas Aquinas, no less renowned for their theological exactness than for their love of Mary, used this same idea as to the meaning of Mary's name. St. Thomas Aquinas, in his *Catena Aurea*, commenting on the Angelic salutation to Mary in St. Luke, writes: "Mary in the Hebrew signifies Star of the Sea; in the Syriac, however, the name signifies *Lady* (*domina*); and this is aptly said because she merited to bear the Lord (*dominum*) of the whole world, and the perennial light of the ages."

Since it is beyond question that Mary has been revered and honored as Queen by her children down through the ages, it would not seem, on the surface, that the proclamation of the new feast of her Queenship should come as any surprise to her faithful. Nor might it seem, at a cursory glance, that it would add anything new in way of honor, or greater dignity, to the greatness of her stature. However, to celebrate her Queenship as such is not exactly the same as honoring Mary under one of

her queenly titles, as, for example, Queen of Martyrs. Of course, we do not intend to interpret the meaning of the Queenship of Mary in any sense other than that which the Holy See intends. The question arises, however, whether Mary's Queenship is one merely of honor or of metaphor, or whether



the term is used in its strict sense to denote a real jurisdiction of power.

WE cannot doubt for an instant, and it would be perverse heresy to deny it, that Mary stands at the apex of all creation. The angels and saints of heaven, as well as the faithful on earth, pay her homage so exalted that no other created being, among men or angels, could ever hope to achieve even an infinitesimal part of her glory. Because of her Assumption and Coronation, she is the only queen that can ever attain to such universal and ageless loyalty from her devotees, among whom are numbered the saints of the past, present and to come. She will be ever placed, so majestically and so toweringly above all other queens, as the sun is placed so far aloft above our tiny earth. By reason of this primacy of honor alone, she could be, and is, certainly designated a Queen, and she presides from her place of honor over

heaven and earth.

By reason of her grace alone, which is greater than the combined grace of all creatures, she can unquestionably be called Queen. To consider her rôle of Motherhood, apart from all other things entitles her to the same prerogative of royalty; for she was Mother of the King of Kings, the King of all creation. Her Son was King in its absolute sense from the first moment of His conception. She was the Queen-Mother. If we were, however, to restrict her rôle of Queenship to just these considerations, we could only call her our Queen in its wide and general meaning; we would limit the designation to a primacy of honor and homage, marvelous in its grandeur though that may be.

But Mary's Queenship, by the loving Providence of God, contains more than the primacy of honor and homage. It contains also a universal power of jurisdiction, a jurisdiction that extends itself over the vastness of heaven and earth, purgatory and hell. In the strict and literal use of the term, she is Queen with royal authority and power. There is vested in her, by dependence on our Divine Lord, and through Him, a real power to command men and angels. She participates in the power of the universal Kingship exercised by her Son. She does this by dispensing from her throne in heaven the graces which she has merited through her dependence on Jesus. This is considered her interior rôle in the Kingdom of God. This interior rôle may at times be manifested exteriorly on earth, as when she appears to enlighten the world by her divine messages as at Lourdes or at Fatima. All this is the teaching of eminent theologians who claiming it not only as their own, but also as the teaching of tradition, as relayed to us by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

Within very recent years, a contemporary theologian of excellent repute throughout the world, Father Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., has contributed in no small measure to clarifying the theology of Mary's place in the

(Continued on page 35.)



# Helium, The Sun Gas

by William Hillary

**This wonder gas can save a life, serve as a tracer element or conductor—it's like magic.**

**M**ENTION of helium makes most of us think of the destruction of the stately German airship *Hindenburg* at Lakehurst, New Jersey, in 1937. At that time the Germans literally begged Uncle Sam to let them have helium gas for their dirigibles, arguing that if the *Hindenburg* had been filled with this non-explosive gas instead of inflammable hydrogen, the tragedy never would have occurred. But Uncle Sam's answer was an emphatic "No!" and fortunately so. For with the outbreak of World War II, German submarines loaded to the gills with torpedoes bore down on our shipping. It was vast fleets of helium-filled blimps, American guardians of the sea lanes, put these marauders to flight.

Worth more than \$2500 a cubic foot in 1917, helium today is mass-produced by Uncle Sam for less than a penny a cubic foot. Naturally, it continues to be one of the most strategic materials and American stockpiles of this perfect substitute for dangerous hydrogen gas are more than adequate to meet any emergency. But over and above this, helium is at work performing numerous peacetime chores.

For example, the United States Weather Bureau uses hundreds of helium-filled balloons in its meteorological work. Helium is being used for such diversified applications as a food preservative and as a fire extinguisher. It is making possible the rapid precision welding of numerous stainless steel, magnesium and aluminum articles. Mixed with certain anaesthetics, it eliminates explosive hazards otherwise associated with them. Admixed with oxygen,

it promptly makes breathing much easier for victims of severe asthma. Many oil companies use helium as a tracer element for following the movement of gas in underground petroleum reservoirs. In the hands of our scientists, liquid helium is being used to produce the lowest temperatures ever attained. Fundamental studies of great significance have been in progress with the aid of liquid helium for several years. The results already have been responsible for the granting of a Nobel Prize to Dr. William F. Giaque of the University of California, referred to by his associates as "the coldest man on earth" because he works at 45 degrees below!

**H**ELIUM is just about the most individualistic thing known to man. It is so much so at times that it becomes an enigma of science.

One scientist who has had considerable experience with helium, Dr. Roland Wright, had this to say about the mysterious will-o'-the-wisp element: "It is our mightiest nothing. It is tasteless, colorless, odorless, non-inflammable, non-explosive and non-poisonous—just about non-everything. One seventh the weight of air, this element lives an anti-social life in the world of atoms for it will not combine with anything. In the liquified state helium becomes a queer actor:

"For instance, as a super-fluid, liquid helium will not stay in a glass when poured into it. Rather, it flows up and out of the glass, and spreads itself all about the table without first getting the green light from any known law of

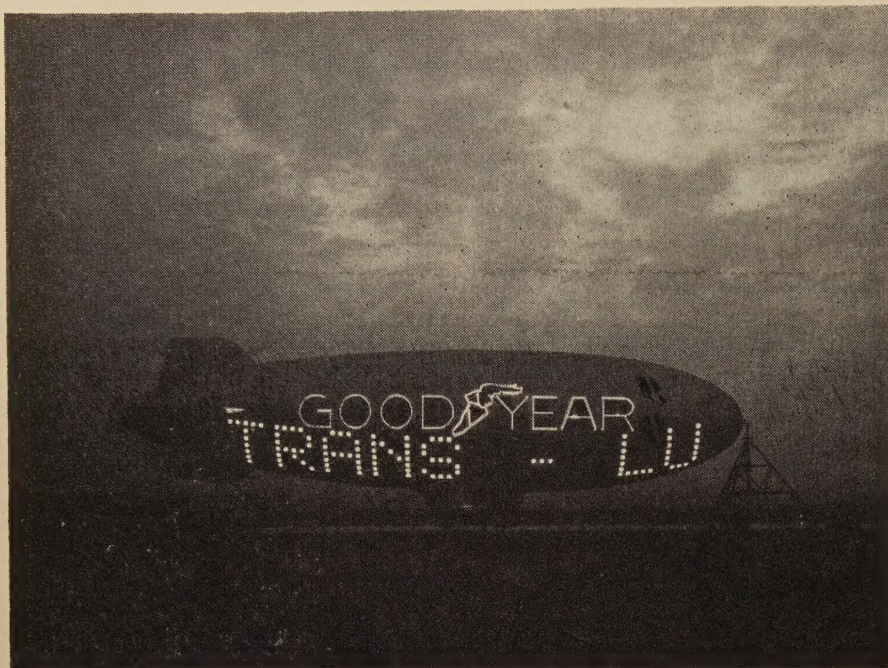
physics. When an empty glass is placed in a saucer of liquid helium, the mysterious fluid promptly flows up the sides of the glass and down into it. Liquid helium flows through airtight barriers. The slightest touch of warmth turns it into a miniature geyser, causing it to spout up to a height of ten or more inches. It is just about the best, if not the best, heat conductor ever discovered. By literally running uphill, it is the one thing daring enough to defy the law of gravity for reasons nobody yet knows. Doesn't make sense, does it? But it is just such 'queer' properties of helium that have made it so important to date, and that will make it of ever greater importance in war or peace, in industry and medicine during the years that lie ahead."

At present, five commercial plants for the production of helium from natural gas are in operation by the Bureau of Mines. Although peacetime demands for the helpful element are increasing by leaps and bounds, current production is capable of more than meeting them.

Helium now is being stored in gigantic underground reservoirs for use at a moment's notice by the military services. At the same time, this wonder gas is finding numerous peacetime industrial uses.

One of the main helium reservoirs is located at the 50,000 acre Cliffside natural gas field near Amarillo, Texas. Some thirty-two miles of special steel pipeline connects the government's helium plants at Exell, Texas, and Amarillo, Texas, with the oil-field storage reservoir.





#### HELIUM FLOATS A BLIMP

*... useful also in hospitals, factories, instruments*

The fact that helium is just about the hardest gas in the world to liquefy is what makes its present commercial production possible and economical. Natural gas, known to be relatively rich with the element (usually about one or two per cent), is given a quick preliminary chemical purification and then is cooled to temperatures that literally are out of man's world. As the gas is cooled to at least 300 below zero Fahrenheit, all the non-helium constituents in the natural gas are converted into liquids or solids. Helium is left behind as a gas. The helium gas, in very pure form, is drawn off the top of the purifier and promptly "bottled" in special steel alloy cylinders.

One of the government's five helium plants, for example, can process in excess of 30 million cubic feet or 700 tons of natural gas in this manner in a single day. When J. Norman Lockyer, a young clerk in the British War Office, discovered helium on the surface of the sun (helium means "sun gas") in 1868, no one had the slightest idea that such relatively large quantities of this gas were hiding on our own planet.

Helium is stepping out and beyond its role as a "dirigible" gas and fast becoming a "jack of all trades," because

of its unique properties. Today, it is equally at home in a hospital or a steel mill, in a giant constellation, or as a tracer element following the movements of gas in underground petroleum reservoirs.

The next time you see or ride in a giant Constellation airplane you may rest assured that the "air" in its immense tires is helium. Surprisingly enough as much as 100 pounds dead weight is saved on the larger airplanes by inflating the special rubber tubes in the tires with feather-weight helium gas instead of relatively heavy compressed air.

Between the lenses of some of the most expensive optical instruments, helium serves to reduce errors of vision because it possesses an index of refraction that is very nearly unity—that is to say light will travel through this gas with just about the same speed that it will travel through a vacuum.

Having an unusually high rate of heat transfer, helium works wonders in large-capacity dynamo-electric generators. It will conduct heat better than any other gas except hydrogen. Around sparking electrical instruments helium protects against the possibility of igniting explo-

sive mixtures that may develop unknowingly in the immediate surroundings.

As one of medicine's handy-men, helium is being used successfully as a constituent of man-made air to treat some of the most stubborn respiratory troubles. Because it is light and diffuses very rapidly, more oxygen can be breathed into the lungs with the same muscular effort. This is the reason why helium, admixed with oxygen is proving so effective for relieving some of the severest cases of asthma.

**A** PHYSICIAN prominently associated with helium therapy is Dr. Alvin Barach, of Columbia University. Dr. Barach has found repeatedly that a mixture of special man-made atmosphere containing 80 per cent helium and 20 per cent oxygen will stop the discomforting gasps of an asthma victim almost instantly. The helium atom is capable of penetrating clogged passages because it is so small, and it carries along with it the needed oxygen. Nearly all first-class hospitals are now equipped with steel tanks filled with the life-saving gas. In addition to its role as the conquerer of asthma, helium's penetrability and high rate of diffusion are called upon by doctors for the treatment of other respiratory ailments, including unresolved pneumonia and laryngeal spasm, and in aiding infants whose lungs fail to expand normally at birth.

"It hasn't happened very often," a leading Philadelphia anaesthetist told me, "but there are cases on record where patients have died on the operating table because of the explosion of an anaesthetic in their lungs! Today, by adding helium gas to anaesthetics they are made non-explosive and this danger has been completely eliminated." Just now a group of Philadelphia doctors is exploring the use of helium in the treatment of sinus infections. Because of its ability to effect areas outside the reach of ordinary air the wonder gas is proving useful in bringing about favorable physiological responses.

Helium is being used very successfully to prevent so-called caisson disease

*(Continued on page 36.)*



# Direct Action

by Frederick Dyer

The very efficient Chief Interrogator  
forces the hand of God.

"**Y**OU KNOW WHAT'S going to happen to you, don't you?" said Chief Interrogator Markoff in his self-pleased manner. "You are going to be conditioned for a public trial." Markoff was no exception to the rule that the most self-satisfied person is the bureaucrat rapidly advanced to a high position. He was perhaps 40 years old, stocky, harsh, and alert—diabolically alert. Now he had Bishop Paul Petrovitch, the head of the underground church, as his prisoner.

Bishop Paul sat silently on the iron stool. Under the naked electric light his normally ruddy face faded to a gray color that merged with his gray stubble hair. Even his firm face showed traces of the three reactions the Chief Interrogator had come to recognize so well: incredulity, horror, and hopelessness.

Markoff rubbed his hands together. "First we break you down, then we rebuild you. We won't exactly beat you, that leaves marks and often sets up distracting shock and pain reactions in the er-patient."

Bishop Paul said nothing. He closed his eyes and tried to pray harder for the strength to resist and love his enemies at the same time.

The Chief Interrogator smiled, "We won't let you close your eyes so easily during the treatment. If necessary we prop your eyelids open. We'll keep a bright light in your cell all the time. We have lights which glare right through your skin. There'll also be someone to wake you every half hour or so. And an automatic noise-maker too; our men will have ear plugs, but you won't. And al-

ways you will be hungry, thirsty, dirty, cold, or too hot, and in an uncomfortable position. Do you have backaches? If not, you soon will. We'll tie you in straight-jackets until every bone and muscle aches—but no bruises will show. In three or four days you will say anything, do anything, we tell you to."

The Bishop shifted slightly on the stool and compressed his lips.

"Perhaps," asked Markoff, "you would like to skip the treatment and do what we suggest without argument?"

Bishop Paul stared silently ahead.

Markoff shrugged his shoulders and continued, "You've heard of our Pavlovian experiments, haven't you?"

A trained observer might have detected a faint trace of sick disgust on the prisoner's face; otherwise the Bishop's expression did not change. He was telling himself that he must forgive his enemies, even such as these.

The Chief Interrogator enjoyed himself. He combined the cool air of the professional expert with the satisfaction of the powerful bureaucrat. "You know," he said, "that we can show you food and ring a bell, and show you food and ring a bell, over and over again until finally we need only ring the bell to make your stomach juices flow. You probably know too that we can sound a noise and flash a light until after a while your eyes dilate at the sound though no light is flashed."

The Bishop stared impassively at the floor.

"Maybe you know," continued Markoff, "about the experiments where you hold two knobs. A green light flashes

and your right hand gets an electric shock; a red light flashes and your left hand gets a shock. Each time the shock makes you jerk your hand back. After a while we have only to flash the light to make your hand jump. Then we show you that we disconnect the wires so that you know there can be no more shocks. Yet when we flash the lights your hands jerk back no matter how hard you try to keep them on the knobs. Of course, you can eventually retrain yourself to hold your hands down, but for a certain number of times your hands will surely jerk."

Bishop Paul interrupted, "Isn't that a proof for the existence of our souls? The part of us that continues to *will* differently, though force may compel us otherwise?"

The Chief Interrogator laughed mockingly, "Souls, nonsense! Other behavior patterns, you mean. But we don't stop there. We go to work on your speech patterns. We din responses into you by means of expert psychologists all day and by tape recorders all night. Soon you will find yourself replying 'Down with the Pope' and 'Long live Communism' whenever we repeat those words to you. After a while you'll begin to think and feel those words as well as say them."

**T**HE PRISONER started to speak, but closed his lips firmly and stared at the floor.

"You don't believe me—yet—do you?" Markoff said. "Then perhaps you will understand this analogy. In a com-



mon classroom experiment a person is hypnotized and told that an hour, a day, or a week after he wakes up he will perform a certain task. For example, he will go to the store, or as in an experiment I once saw, he will put his hand on a spot on the wall. The subject wakes up and goes about his business remembering nothing. The designated time comes and he carries out the instructions to the letter. He goes to the store or he goes to the wall. Now get this, in each case the man tries to give a reason for what he does. He says it is his own idea to go the store for cigarettes or a toothbrush. The man I saw hold his hand on the blackboard spot for five minutes looked very foolish when asked why he was standing there; but he tried to give several reasons for doing so. I remember he claimed he was hiding an unsightly spot which was distracting the students from their work. As if his standing there wasn't much more distracting! But you see how his mind tried to explain what he was doing and why. So with you, my fine Bishop, after you have been conditioned long enough and have heard your own tongue and your own thoughts repeating our patterns over and over again, you will come to believe they are your own words and thoughts."

"Never," said the Bishop.

"We'll see," Markoff replied confidently, "Others have said 'Never' too. Meanwhile don't waste your hopes on escape or a rescue. Your followers are now lost bands huddling in empty churches when our police happen to look the other way."

"They will be praying for me," said the Bishop with great dignity.

Markoff burst out a peal of laughter, "I'm sure they won't be praying for me!" Then he ordered his assistants, "Take him away and start the first phase of the treatment."

IT WAS FOUR DAYS before Bishop Paul was brought back to the Chief Interrogator's office. He slumped dazedly, exhaustedly on the iron stool.

"Ah," said Markoff as he scanned the

Bishop's face, "How do you feel now?"

Bishop Paul remained silent. In a flash of anger Markoff raised his hand to strike him, but recovered his complacency in time to convert his gesture to a study of his polished fingernails. He turned to the two guards, "How is he?" he asked them.

"Very dazed. But he still won't talk."

"What?" Markoff's amazement was genuine.

The other guard answered, "He'll say 'No, no,' and he'll scream when the pressure is really on him, but as soon as we ease up he goes silent. We were afraid that more pressure would kill him."

"He is a tough one," said Markoff grudgingly, "but we don't want him to die. We'll have to do it the long slow way and keep close watch that he doesn't lose his mind."

Markoff turned to the prisoner. "You can understand what I say, can't you?" he barked suddenly.

The Bishop involuntarily glanced up at him.

"Ah," growled Markoff, "you can hear well enough. Now listen, because I want my words to sink into your mind." He moved closer to the Bishop and spoke almost in his ear. "First we will give you a series of electric shocks such as are used on mental patients. These will break down your habitual nerve patterns—they will also leave you confused and frightened. We may even operate and cut a few nerves in your brain to take away from you some of your more stubborn attitudes and memories. We will feed you drugs by mouth, by needle, and by inhalation vapors. Drugs which will make you highly suggestible. Drugs which will depress and sadden you. Drugs which will stimulate and cheer you. And always by recording machines and by psychologists we will fill your brain with what we want you to do and say. In about three months, maybe five at the most, you will be a new person—a penitent convert to communism."

The Chief Interrogator paused a moment and then added boastingly, "We've

thought of everything this time. We've learned by our early mistakes. With the others there was always the danger that they might see a friendly or even a neutral face in the courtroom and all our careful conditioning process might collapse." He thought to himself how even Pavlov's dogs lost their conditioning one time when a flood upset the laboratory. But now there are drops for human eyes which limit vision to a few feet. Others can see the victim, but he cannot see them.

Almost gleefully he went on. "We'll take you into the television and movie studios and show you to the world. You won't escape by dying either. We will have a doctor by you at all times, and we will give you drugs which will keep you cheerful, and hypnotic treatment to make you want to stay alive. Our process now is foolproof. Nothing can go wrong."

Bishop Paul hung his head. It was a nightmare, he told himself.

"Yes," said a new voice behind them, "your work, Comrade Markoff, is perfect, too perfect. Since you make all human effort impossible, there was nothing to do but to send me to take direct action."

Markoff and the two guards whirled around. A man stood in the locked room with them. Or was it a man? Some sense within them stirred with doubts. Even as their minds and tongues prepared questions, a paralyzing recognition grew in their hearts.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?" Markoff heard his own voice ask, though as he spoke he *knew* who the Being was.

The Stranger smiled, "As you were saying, you have made the trap around this anointed man of God so perfect that there is no human escape for him. Therefore God has sent me to take him out. While I cannot congratulate you on the distinction, I must say that you are one of the few men who have so forced the hand of God."

"No-o-o!" One of the guards gave a long sigh and fell to his knees. Markoff

*(Continued on page 34.)*



# My Many Homes

by D. E. Burton

How could a church be a home, I had asked  
—and one for so many people?

**W**HEN I set out with a party of twenty on a twelve-day coach tour of 1800 miles across Europe, I imagined that Mass on Sunday would be about all I could manage. Traveling from London and through Canterbury with its fine Cathedral, once the see of St. Augustine, that Benedictine missionary from Rome who converted the English in the seventh century, we embarked at Dover for the sea-crossing to Ostend, and from thence to Brussels, capital of Belgium. The next morning, although due for an early start, hearing a church bell, I slipped out. The busy market thoroughfare included a glimpse of an Alsatian dog drawing a small cart of vegetables. Speaking in French to a somewhat surly-looking man, I asked, "Where is the Catholic Church?" His expression softened as he directed me to the entrance nearby. The light of many candles illuminated that dark little church and there on the altar stood the priest. The Consecration bell was ringing. Devoutly with those Belgian workers I knelt to receive Holy Communion, and then sped back to the hotel.

Traveling south through the forest of Ardennes noted for the launching of the German offensive in 1944, we passed through the small independent state of Luxemburg, our resting place for the night being in Alsace, the province claimed alternately many times by both Germany and France. The next day, driving through the mountainous valley of the French Vosges, we crossed into Switzerland, where we enjoyed to the full an English cup of tea by the blue waters of Lake Zurich, before ascending

the Karangeberg Pass, 3,000 feet.

We reached our destination, a charming little spa called Bad Ragaz, early in the evening. I had just completed a badly needed wash and change when I heard the ringing of a distant bell. Being now in Swiss German—and as I imagined Lutheran—territory, my first thought was that that church bell was not for me! Then I decided to make sure. Guided by its peal I made my way along a quiet street. A middle-aged woman to whom I spoke knew neither French nor English, and I no German. Pointing to the spire visible above the roof tops I ask:

"Catholica?"

"Ja, ja!" she replies nodding vigorously.

I found a number of children pouring into the church and within the men seated on one side the women on the other. The lusty singing of the hymns and the recitation of the rosary was, of course, in German, but sweetly familiar was the *O Salutaris Hostia*, the *Tantum Ergo* and the Benediction bestowed by Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

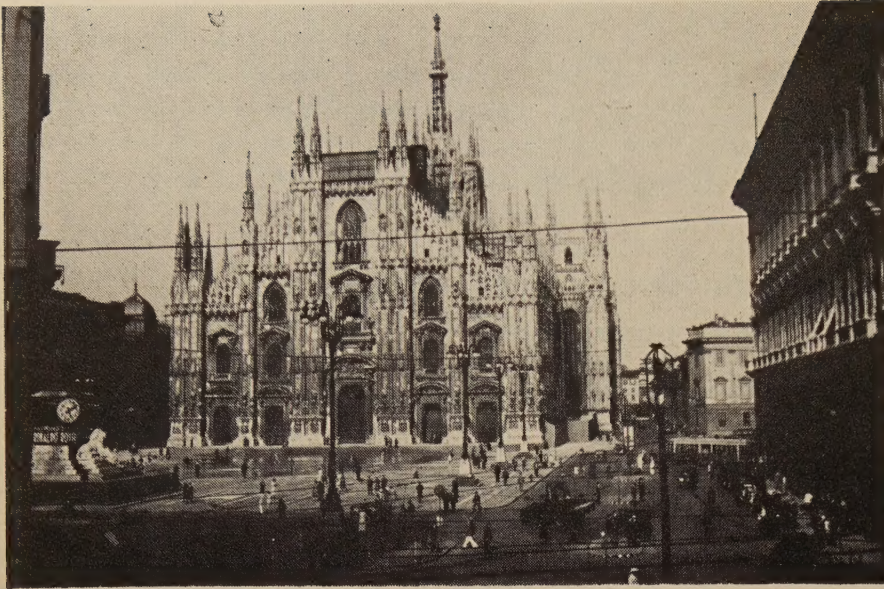
An early departure next morning took us through Davos, renowned for its winter sports, and on through the Swiss mountainside. Gradually leaving behind little villages clustered around their churches, cows with tinkling bells, wayside shrines and smiling peasants who waved a greeting, we climbed the mighty Fluela Pass, 7,840 feet into a land of rocks and snow. Then, having lunched at Zernez, we crossed the picturesque Offen Pass, down through terraced vineyards and apple orchards to

the little German-speaking town of Merano encircled with snow-peaked mountains on the Italian border.

After a welcome night's rest I set off on my usual quest. To my query in French as to the whereabouts of the Catholic church, a pretty girl sweeping out a woodcarving shop stared at me, perplexed. At my repetition of the words "Eglise Catholique," however, she smilingly indicated the way. Approaching the church, I encounter a nun somewhat startled at being accosted in a strange tongue. "Catholicam Ecclesiam—Missa!" I explain, remembering my Latin. She beams, points to nine on her watch and then to another church a little distance away. I dash off. Beneath a great suspended crucifix a sprinkling of men and women and three little girls in pigtailed are waiting for the Mass to begin. Together we offer up the Divine Sacrifice and partake of the Holy Eucharist.

**F**ROM Merano the coach winds up through the majestic Dolomites, mountains separating Austria from Italy whose rugged pink-streaked crags glow at sunset in vivid hues of red and violet. Then on through a gorge of red porphyry to another ascent. Holding our breath at the hairpin bends—with an occasional inward query as to what will happen if our back wheel goes over the edge—we cross first the Costalunga Pass, 5,752 feet, the Pordoi Pass, 7,356 feet, and yet another before descending to our destination, Cortina, a well-known winter sports center, 3,000 feet below.





IL DUOMO, MILAN  
*In stately cathedral, a home . . .*

Now we are in Italy. It is Sunday. No need to ask "Where is the Catholic church?" For the bells have been ringing from crack of dawn, or so it seems to me! In the little square an animated crowd is exchanging greetings, some coming from Mass and others entering a church ornate but beautiful, with fine paintings on the walls. The Blessed Sacrament is exposed in a splendid golden-rayed monstrance and I notice that the congregation consists chiefly of men and lads, including a group of American officers on leave from Germany. Italians, English and Americans kneel together at the altar to receive the Body of their Lord. This was a Low Mass but later, having breakfasted, I returned to be carried away by the glorious singing of a Missa Cantata.

After the perils of hairpin bends on the edge of a precipice the drive towards the Adriatic seemed very uneventful, but excitement rose again when we found ourselves standing on the quay gazing across the sea to Venice, 3½ miles away; a city of 120 islands linked together by 378 stone bridges, originally a marshy settlement, the refuge of the Roman inhabitants of the old city of Venetia fleeing from the Huns in 432 A.D. Embarking in gondolas, we reached picturesque buildings and noble palaces emerging as it were from the

water, to be eventually landed at the very doors of our hotel.

"Can you tell me how to get to St. Mark's?" I asked a fellow traveler, directly I had seen to my luggage.

A few minutes later I stood before that famous Byzantine cathedral, its facade glittering with mosaics of many colors. I knew it contained the relics of St. Mark, the evangelist, brought thither in 829 A.D. from Egypt which he had evangelized. Described by St. John, Mark was as a lion making the desert

re-echo with his roaring, and the Venetians adopted as their crest a lion, representing their patron, adding wings to indicate their sea power. Kneeling within this cathedral enriched with many precious treasures from the Orient, I listened for some time to the familiar chanting of Vespers before returning to the hotel. I had intended to go to Mass the next morning, but having overslept I joined the conducted tour over the cathedral and the palace of the Doge—the former ruler of Venice—the latter renowned for its magnificent paintings by Titian and Tintoretto, and for its Bridge of Sighs which led from the Judgment Hall to the dungeons.

HOMEWARD BOUND from Venice, we passed through Padua without a glimpse of the Statue of St. Anthony who ever guards his native town, and so on from Verona to Milan where we stopped to admire its wonderful Gothic cathedral built of marble, surmounted by 98 slender pinnacles and famed for its 6,000 statues and superb stained glass windows which gleam like jewels in their darkened setting. Within these precincts, not far from the crypt containing the body of St. Charles Borromeo, recalling my first visit as a non-Catholic many years ago, I knelt for a few mo-

*(Continued on page 34.)*



CORTINA, SLOPES AND SKIS

*. . . "in exciting mountains, a home*



# Martyrdom At Ypres

by Edward P. Echlin, S.J.

**T**HERE is a unique corps of men in our armed forces who wear a tiny cross on their collars, the cross of the chaplain. These brave men serve not to kill and wound the fighting men of other nations, but to guard, protect, and guide the precious souls of our own fighting men. The chaplain, like his khaki-clad "boys," leaves all he holds dearest, even his priestly ministry at home, to embrace a life of sacrifice and hardship which has frequently ended in a bloody death, to be a source of strength and courage to those entrusted to their care.

One of these chaplains was an Irish Padre who loved his men with a selfless heroic love and was killed in the First World War. His selfless heroism, sanctity, and unbelievable courage make him an inspiring example to our chaplains today. A Jesuit priest of the Irish mission-band, his name was Father William Doyle.

One burning desire obsessed young Willie Doyle when he entered the novitiate in 1891—an all-surpassing love of martyrdom. Martyrdom, he soon discovered, had a two-fold meaning; on the one hand there was martyrdom of blood, but there was also another transcendent martyrdom, the slow lingering martyrdom of an ordinary life lived extraordinarily well. This martyrdom of faithfulness to duty he embraced with the spontaneous courage that later led him to another martyrdom, his ardently desired martyrdom of blood. Thus his entire religious life was a martyrdom, the sometimes unsung martyrdom of courageous fidelity. His admirable spirit is reflected in the record he wrote at his ordination;

he ascended the sacrificial altar of God with "the resolution to go straight for holiness."

Since holiness to Father Doyle was nothing more than an ordinary life lived extraordinarily well, he commenced his priestly ministry with the zealous love of souls. His spirit soon would lead him to a broken battlefield, where the soul of many a dying soldier would be washed a pure white by his priestly absolution. To him no task was too exhausting, no sacrifice too demanding to embrace for Christ. Still desiring to crown a martyr's life with the red crown of a martyr's death, he volunteered for the arduous Congo Mission.

His entire priestly career, however, from the conclusion of his Jesuit training until he donned the khaki of a chaplain, was spent on the mission-band, preaching and hearing Confessions, giving numerous missions and retreats. His day was filled with Apostolic work—whenever there were souls in need Father Doyle was with them. Many a merchant ship docking at a deserted quay was met by a smiling Irish priest with a cordial invitation for the sailors to attend his next mission. The poor and sick in tenement houses delighted in his frequent visits and factory workers found an understanding, zealous friend in Father Doyle. He worked among these souls until late at night when the busy world was hushed and the fever of the day was spent. Then his sleep was always shortened by the several hours spent in front of the tabernacle praying for the souls of those who revered him as their beloved preacher and confessor.

Father Doyle was first to notice that the working class, the largest body of men in Ireland was the least noticed and served. He began to give them the Spiritual Exercises, an experiment that succeeded gloriously, and soon a retreat house was erected at Rathfarnham Castle for working men. This house of retreats for working men flourishes even today, a monument to the courageous Irish priest who loved the souls of men with a boundless supernatural love. When a devastating war broke out and thousands of his beloved men marched to the front, the lovable Padre of the Irish Mission Band volunteered as a military chaplain and was attached to the 16th Division of the Fighting Dublins.

**A**T THE FRONT near Loos, France, the heroic chaplain approached the summit of sanctity for which God had destined him. The account of his selfless courage and devotion to his "poor dear boys" reads like the life of a saint, as indeed it is. Life at the front was a virtual martyrdom, not only for a priest, but for the men in the trenches as well; smiling Father Doyle seemed to love German shells, but actually he feared the shells as much as everyone; he loved the souls of his soldiers and for them he dared all things, even to crawling into bullet-swept places to assist the wounded, absolve the dying, and bury the dead.

These grimy, bloody men were, after all, twentieth century images of their Lord and Master, Who also died a bloody, grimy death, the cruel deserted death of the cross. This heroic death on Calvary's hill the priest commemorated for his men as frequently as possible, even offering Mass in filthy water-soaked trenches and perilous shell-holes:

By cutting a piece out of the side of the trench I was just able to stand in front of my tiny altar, a biscuit-box supported on two German bayonets. God's angels, no doubt, were hovering overhead, but so were the shells, hundreds of them, and I was a little afraid that when the earth shook with the

*(Continued on page 24.)*



# The Desired of Nations

by V F. Kienberger, O.P.

**"N**OW IN THE fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, and Herod, being tetrarch of Galilee . . . under the highpriests Annas and Caiaphas; the word of the Lord came to John, the son of Zachary in the desert" (St. Luke 3:2). The Baptist began preaching the advent of the Messiah in the country about the Jordan River. His theme was "Penance, for the remission of sin!" Fearlessly the Precursor called out "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his paths . . . the crooked shall be made straight . . . and all flesh shall see the salvation of God" (St. Luke 3:6). Some of his listeners thought that John might be the Blessed Christ. He made short shrift of this opinion by stating, "There shall come one mightier than I . . . He will gather the wheat into his barn; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire" (St. Luke 3:17).

Holy Name Communion Sunday finds its members well into the season of Advent, now, and each of us recalls that Advent is a preparation for the Nativity of Christ. Furthermore, the liturgically minded Holy Name man remembers that advent is a preparation for Christmas, as the Old Covenant was a preparation for the New Dispensation. Of old, a fierce yearning, deeply braided into the fibers of the Jewish soul, found expression in the pleas, the prayers, the religion of Israel. Isais assured the children of Abraham, saying, "People of Sion, behold the Lord shall come to save the nations; and the Lord shall make the glory of his voice to be heard" (Is.

30:30). The Psalmist confirmed the people's faith in the coming of the Messiah, "Out of Sion the loveliness of his beauty, God shall manifest; our God shall come, and shall not keep silence" (Ps. 49:3). Aggeus the prophet spoke: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts," I will move all nations: and the desired of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory . . . and in this place I will give peace" (Ag. 2:8).

During Advent, Holy Mother Church emphasizes the yearning of centuries for the Desired of Nations. She reminds her children of the promise of a Savior that sustained the hopeless exiles of the terrestrial Paradise. Her liturgical chant enshrines the lament of the holy people, crying to God, "Thou O Lord, that siteth upon the Cherubim, stir up thy might and come to save us" (Ps. 79:3). She reechoes the assurance of the Great Prophet "Say to the faint-hearted, 'Take courage and fear not; God himself will come and will save you'" (Is. 35:4). With the holy men and women of Israel, the Church prays ardently for the Mediator's coming: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above and let the clouds rain the just One; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Savior" (Is. 45:8). Finally the afflicted people are assured by the prophetic word, "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son; and His Name shall be called Emmanuel" (Is. 7:14).

For thousands of years Sion pleaded for the Savior's coming. Why did God delay so long in sending His only Begotten Son? In the beginning the puny minds of men, weakened by sin,

were unable to penetrate the great mystery of the Incarnation. God would slowly reveal His designs, lest their intellects, darkened by crime, would rebel.

**S**o God bided His time! It was eminently fitting that the coming of God's Son be signified to man century after century, so that He would be heralded with a stronger faith and sought out as the substance of His Father's glory when "in the fullness of time" He would appear on the earth. How apt is the medieval maxim, "The greater the monarch who is to come, the longer and more magnificent the procession of heralds."

Undoubtedly the real reason for God's delay in sending us the Desired of Nations, was that sinful, stubborn man humble himself sufficiently and acknowledge his utter worthlessness and helplessness and turn to God. Pride had exiled Adam and Eve from the Garden of Paradise. Pride has kept the children of men in misery. They refused the ordinary means of restoring themselves to Divine favor. They squandered their eternal inheritance for a mess of pottage. They forgot God. They forfeited His Divine Mercy. And yet among them dwelt a few souls who observed the laws of God and lamented for the Savior's coming. And God's goodness is manifest in that He bowed low to hear their prayer.

God sent His Son in the fullness of time. Joy and gladness filled the hearts of men. They no longer lamented the long years of delay when they searched the heavens for the Day-Star whose coming would end the darkness. And they sang a new canticle, "A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us; and the government is upon his shoulder; and his Name shall be called . . . the Prince of Peace" (Is. 9:6).



# Holy Name Promotion—By Mail

by Louis C. Fink

**Professional techniques are just for the pros?**

**You can use them too!**

**I**F YOU want to build up membership in your Holy Name Society, don't neglect Uncle Sam's Post Office. The United States mail is still the biggest bargain in the land.

You may think you have done everything possible to increase attendance at your meetings. You have put a notice in the parish bulletin, and another in the town newspaper; your pastor has read announcements from the altar; you have had a telephone committee working over-time; and every member has promised to get in touch with another Catholic man.

But if you haven't used the mails actively, you haven't done the whole job. After all, getting the members out is essentially a selling job. Now the way the best salesmen work is by personal contact; they call on their prospects and sell them. Their sales efforts, however, are always tied in with their firm's advertising program.

What do the nation's big advertisers say about mail? In 1952 (the last full year for which figures are available), the country's ad men spent just over seven billion dollars. Newspapers took the largest part, as you might expect. The next highest category was direct mail advertising, higher even than radio or television. The country's advertisers spent over a billion dollars—14.3 per cent of all advertising expenditure—for advertising by mail.

If people who make their living by advertising think that highly of the U.S. mail, our Holy Name Societies might consider it worth a second look. How can they use the mails?

The most obvious way is the old-fashioned post card. Even at its present cost of two cents, the post card is still a bargain. There is no easier, surer way to reach your membership and the men you hope will become members.

If you do nothing else, you can at least send a monthly reminder of the next meeting. Here's a simple trick: multiply your mailing list by twelve, and have a supply of cards printed in advance. Fill in everything except the date (unless by chance your meetings are ever held at different hours.) Print the cards. The secretary can then address enough cards for one meeting, fill in the date and mail them. It saves worrying about a message on the back each month.

Before we go any further into the use of the mails, let's reflect a moment on the *mailing list*. To whom are you sending these post cards? Your paid-up members, certainly, but who else? It is an old adage in the advertising business that a mailing piece is only as good as its mailing list. If you're not going to take the trouble to check your list, it hardly pays to send anything out.

Your paid-up members should be asked to verify their address at least once a year. The rectory probably has a list of all families in the parish. It will pay you to get a committee of a dozen or so men and go over the parish roster. Pick those men who are pretty well acquainted in town—they'll recognize many names immediately. When you meet, have a telephone directory handy and, if one is published, an R. L. Polk and Co. City Directory. This valuable

book lists people in the city according to the streets they live on, and it will help when you're trying to remember the name of that "fellow on Maple Street just above the Browns."

**Y**OUR mailing list can be kept on 3 x 5 inch cards, so that changes and deletions can be made readily. Ask your pastor to let you know of new families moving into the parish. (In our parish, all new members are listed in the church bulletin.) Keep in touch with your parochial school—the graduates of your high school should go on your mailing list immediately. If you can afford it, have a list mimeographed once a year and pass it around at a meeting, with the request that the men jot down the names of any Catholic men they know who are not listed. Do everything you can to keep adding to your list—after all, it costs only two cents to mail a card and it may save some man's soul!

Since addressing post cards once a month may become a chore, try to arrange for Addressograph service. This provides little plates which can be run off on a machine. Perhaps some Holy Name member has such a machine in his office. Perhaps there is a firm in town which provides the service at low cost. If you're wealthy, buy the equipment for the parish. Finally, there are firms which will address cards on the typewriter from your list—at a cost of a penny or two for each card. All of these methods are worth exploring unless your secretary is a generous soul with lots of time.

Remember this tip also: If you send



out an occasional first class mailing, with a return address on the envelope, the Post Office will bring back all envelopes they could not deliver—and you can start checking those names on your list. No effort is too great to keep your mailing list up-to-date.

For variety, you'll want to send out something other than a post card, any way. A first class letter in a sealed envelope costs only three cents if it does not weigh more than one ounce. Send it by third class (unsealed) and you can mail two ounces for two cents. There are special rates for magazines and newspapers, so consult your Postmaster about these. I mention this because some Holy Name Societies publish news-bulletins of their own as a great way to boost attendance.

There is another way to use post cards, too. The post office will sell you a double card, one with your usual message and the address of your member; the other half of the card to be torn off and returned to the Society. This is helpful when you're asking for reservations for a dinner or something of that sort. There are also postage-paid envelopes, in which the recipient can mail his reply. The postage is four cents, but the charge is made only if the envelope is used. This is not practical unless you have a large membership, because you need a special permit from the postal authorities. In every case, talk to the Postmaster when you have a problem. He'll be as helpful as he can, and his advice is free.

What you say in your card or letter is just as important as how you address and mail it. Some of the experts, the men who spend thousands of dollars on this form of advertising, have this advice to offer:

People are busy and they get lots of mail, so plan your card or letter carefully. Before you write anything, visualize the men who are going to get your message, and keep them in mind.

Above all, appeal to their self-interest. Nobody is really interested in how old your Society is, and how sad it is that membership has dropped off lately. The average man asks, "What's in it

for me?" Tell him by outlining the advantages of Holy Name membership—spiritual strength, graces, fellowship, help to the parish, and so on down to the good food you serve at your breakfasts. Everybody likes to be connected with a winner, so stress your strength and not your weakness. Don't beg men to come to Holy Communion; stress the advantages of that holy action.

The top advertising men in the country tell you to make your first sentence or first paragraph a strong one. People read hurriedly; you have to catch their attention in the first dozen words or they may never read the rest of your letter.

Incidentally, don't worry too much about addressing your letters individually to "Dear Mr. ———" It just isn't worth the trouble. Unless you're actually writing an individual letter to every man, he'll know it's a form message. You'll do better to start off with a striking headline than to try to fill in the name of the person being addressed. The same thing goes for signatures at the bottom. If the letter is obviously a form, why bother with a real signature? It will be better just to print the President's name and let it go at that.

I haven't attempted to describe the appearance of your letters, because most of you will probably have to be satisfied with a straightforward letter run off on mimeograph, ditto machine or printing press. Bear in mind that "letter services" in many cities turn out this work at an amazingly low cost—they can even



## The Reason For Christmas

*... Christ of His very nature is our Redemption. St. Paul does not say, "Christ gives us redemption," but that He is made by God redemption for us. What does that mean? Just this: Christ's innermost nature, His very make-up, if I may express it, was conceived and made actual in the incarnation solely for the purpose of saving us. He was designed, dare I say, to be a redeemer, made for that very purpose.*

—Pere Gardeil, O.P.

duplicate typewriting so that your men will be sure they have been mailed a personal letter.

If you are going in for anything fancy, such as fine printing, art work and color—the authorities say to keep it as simple as possible. Avoid tricky or unusual type faces unless you know exactly what you are doing. Use color sparingly—an occasional headline in red, for example, is far better than a whole letter in red, which is hard to read. Black on white is the combination we are used to, and in most cases it's best to stick to black ink on white paper. Avoid little blocks of color underneath the type matter; they just make the whole thing hard to read.

Another point I have not discussed is the subject matter of your post cards, letters and bulletins. You'll know what to say. There are many things on which the Holy Name men should be posted; use your mailings to tell them about them.

You will do well to be careful about mentioning lotteries. In some States, it is not against the law to run a raffle; but the Post Office says it is not permitted to use the mails to discuss lotteries. So if you are thinking about sending out books of chance, or urging the men to take chances, or even reporting the winners of a lottery, you'd do well to ask the Postmaster first.

Above all, remember that professional advertising men look on direct mail as just part of a campaign. Its success depends on interesting mailing pieces, an up-to-date mailing list, and persistence. Don't drop a name just because the man didn't come to your first two meetings. Maybe he's been out of town. Keep him on the list as a prospect as long as you can. The cost will be small and he may eventually weaken.

The other parts of the campaign for members are all the publicity you can get—newspapers, bulletins, from the pulpit, and so on—plus an active selling job in person. Talking to a man in person is still the best way to sell him. But a good campaign by mail will give support to your salesmen. The big advertisers have proved it.



# Your Own Strength

by L. J. Huber

THERE is one thing certain about us poor mortals: we often think the other fellow is better off and we'd like to munch grass on his side of the fence. If there is anyone who doesn't feel that way about something belonging to at least one other member of the human race, let him turn this page. This piece is not for him. This is not to say that we are all envious of a neighbor. We'll peg our charge a few degrees below the accusation that we are guilty of a certain capital sin. We are merely saying that oftentimes, humanly, we do heave a sigh and reach for a wishbone when friends meet with some of their successes. Much of this "wish-it-were-me" attitude could be avoided if we but knew our own strength. It is the recognition of our moral strength, the knack of being satisfied with our lot in life that enables us to surmount the guilt of being envious. For example, your being a Catholic. You can well go around being happy with the feeling that you are leading the kind of life that makes others want to be like you.

Take two gentlemen involved in a particular deal. One of them, Joe Andrews, is a Catholic. Just ordinary. He lives a good life and has his share of minor mistakes. Such as taking two glasses of beer when one would have done the trick. Or playing poker beyond his bed time. Or placing a small wager on the outcome of an athletic event.

Joe operates a milling machine. One Bill Blythe inspects the product that comes from the machine tool in the hands of Joe. In the course of a week they find many opportunities to cross paths. Without fudging on the time of their employer they find minutes to discuss personal items. During this time they have learned much about each other. Bill Blythe is not a great saint. He professes no religion. He has been

married twice, divorced twice. He has "his own" set of rules by which he lives.

He has few responsibilities. Being an inspector, he makes more money than Joe. Being without extra mouths to feed he can afford the latest in cars. When he needs extra tires with winter tread he just orders and pays for them.

In contrast to this you can well imagine Joe's standing. As the father of three boys and a girl he lacks many material things owned by Bill. They went over that tire situation not so long ago. Joe could have used the same thing.

"You're getting winter treads?" he asked after Bill had hinted it.

"I am, Joe. I think they're a great thing to have on those back wheels when the winter gets rough. I've always liked them."

"They're good," Joe agreed. "I could use a set of them. I wish I could just reach in my pocket like you do and pay for them. I'd like to be in your shoes for a little while."

Joe didn't sound frustrated when he said this. He knew where his money would go. The price of two tires would find its way to the needs of the children.

When Joe mentioned that he could use the tires he was not envious. But the underlying motive of the thought was that he wanted to trade places with Bill Blythe. Just long enough to get those tires. Just long enough to have some of the financial freedom enjoyed by his inspector. Joe, when he wanted to change those shoes, didn't know his own strength.

We don't know if he ever discovered his own interior strength. There was a display of it, however, when the gang decided to hold a stag party. It was not the kind that is put on under wraps but it did have certain moral aspects that were wrong. There would be too much drinking, blue stories and loud cursing,

followed by more strong stories. It was the duty of Bill Blythe, because he had been appointed to the ticket committee although he did not organize the gathering, to contact Joe. He got his chance when they were waiting for the machine to finish a cut on a die head.

"Want that ticket now, Joe?" Bill began.

"To the stag party?"

"Right. How many?"

"None. I'm not going and I'll tell you why. I try to think of myself as a family man. So I wouldn't go to a place where I wouldn't take any member of my family. I don't think you guys should go either, but if you do it's your affair. No, I don't want a ticket, Bill."

"OK, Joe. No hard feelings?"

JOE assured him of that sentiment. Bill moved on to the next man and made the same pitch for a sale. This time he struck oil. The man bought and paid. After the deal was completed Bill mentioned his failure to sell to Joe.

"Ah, he's a bluenose," the other man contended.

"No," Bill replied. "He's a good guy. He has a wife and kids and he respects them. You might not believe it, but I'd like to be like that. I'd like to trade places with him right now."

That was it. Strange but true, that a man like Bill wanted to be like Joe. All the extra nickels he owned, the freedom that was his, the lack of worries. All of this he would have tossed aside and traded places with a man who was a right guy with God. The ending?

We don't know. It might have been a step in the right direction for Bill. Merely wanting to be like Joe could be the means of an effort toward attainment. How did Joe feel about it? Again, we don't know. Nor does Joe. No one has bothered to tell him about his own strength.

It would never happen to you? Perhaps it has and, like Joe, you never knew it. It can happen today or tomorrow, or anytime we are exercising the right to do what is correct and proper.



# THE NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.



H. C. GRAHAM, O.P.

*Blessed John of Vercelli, pray for us.*

On the day this column was written we here at National Headquarters began our fifth Novena of Masses in honor of Blessed John. From the reports prior to the opening of the Novena, it seems that it will be a great success. From our correspondence we have found that numerous graces and blessings have come to the clients of our holy founder. We do not claim them as miracles, but we know that through prayer to Blessed John and with his powerful intercession many blessings have been forthcoming.

We hope that our readers will remember that every Thursday throughout the entire year, we have a Mass in honor of Blessed John of Vercelli in which his clients are remembered. So your intentions can be included not

only in the two solemn novenas we have, but also in this weekly Mass. The weekly Mass is said at the Holy Name Altar in Saint Vincent Ferrer's Church, New York City. All petitions received in our shrine office are remembered at this weekly Mass, as well as in the solemn novenas. We ask our readers to pray daily the little ejaculation, "Blessed John of Vercelli, founder of the Holy Name Society, pray for us." If all our Holy Name members and their families throughout the country—and there are about five million members—pray that prayer daily, we feel certain that Blessed John would soon be canonized.

## Springfield Diocesan Demonstration

In the year 1821 in the then village of Amherst, Massachusetts, there was founded a college for the instruction of ministers. Down through the years, this college of Amherst has acquired an enviable reputation of learning. Now, on November 21, the Diocese of Springfield has held on this very campus a rally of Catholic men at which it was estimated fifteen thousand men from the Diocese were in attendance. The Bishop, the Most Reverend Christopher J. Weldon, D.D., gave a splendid sermon and was most pleased over the splendid demonstration of faith. A beautiful altar was erected in the college gymnasium. "The Gym" was crowded to capacity, with standing room only. Two other halls were filled with the overflow crowd, for which an amplifying system was pressed into service so that

the people could listen to the ceremonies in the gymnasium. A unique feature of the ceremony, and one which this writer had never witnessed before, was the fact that the Rosary was recited in an unusual and particularly inspiring fashion. The writer led the Rosary, saying the "Our Father" and the "Glory Be to the Father." In turn, ten persons of ten different nationalities recited each "Hail Mary" in their native tongues, which included Arabic, French, Italian, Spanish, Ukrainian, among others. This unique recitation of the Rosary was the idea of Father Crowley, the Diocesan Spiritual Director of the Society. Both he and Bishop Weldon as well as the hardworking men of the various committees are to be congratulated for this remarkable demonstration of faith in honor of Our Blessed Lady, at the close of the Marian Year. We feel certain that a demonstration such as this will do much for the Catholic men of the Springfield Diocese and also give a tremendous increase in membership to the Holy Name Society.

## A Resignation

It is with deep regret that we announce, as has been previously revealed, the resignation of Fred A. Muth, the Executive Secretary of the Milwaukee Archdiocesan Union. In close to twenty years Mr. Muth has proved himself a very efficient organizer of the Society in the Archdiocese of Milwaukee. At the National Conventions and Diocesan Rallies, Mr. Muth has contributed greatly. Month-



ly he has contributed, for the past few years, a regular feature service article to the *Holy Name Journal* and wrote the pamphlet "Practical Programming" for National Headquarters. We feel that the Lord will bless him for all his Holy Name work throughout the years. We pray that, in his new position, God will bless him and bring to him the success that he attained in Holy Name work. Personally, this writer feels his going into another field of endeavor is a great loss to the Society. But knowing Fred Muth as we do, we feel that he will not in any way lose his interest in our Confraternity. My personal prayer is, "God bless you always, Fred, and bring you success in your every endeavor."

#### A Buck

In our November issue of the *Journal* the writer proposed a program through which a band made up of boys from the east side of New York could be brought to perform at the Holy Name Convention in Pittsburgh, September 28 through October 2, 1955. It was mentioned that the writer would welcome contributions but not accept any donations of more than one dollar. Previous similar campaigns of mine on behalf of other east side New York boys, have been successful. The response to the announcement in the November *Journal* of this campaign, alas, has been tremendously negligent, however. I do hope that the readers of this column will remember these boys. Headquarters has no fund to provide for them, and we depend upon the Holy Name men of the country to help us obtain the funds so that these boys may have the thrill of honoring the Holy Name by marching and playing in the parade which closes next September's Convention. I do wish it to be understood that one dollar is the contribution for every name sent in. We shall accept only one dollar. I ask our readers not to forget our band.

#### The Holidays

Now that we are approaching the end of a year and the beginning of a

new year, we at National Headquarters are thankful for the many blessings that we have received, and we pray to the good Lord that 1955 will bring the same blessings that we have known during 1954. To all Holy Name spiritual directors, officers and men in the Holy Name Society, we promise that the eight Dominican Fathers working on the Holy Name will remember you in their three Masses on Christmas Day and pray that 1955 will bring you the success that your loyal devotion so justly deserves. We ask you once again to keep "Christ in Christmas" and we beg God's help that the new year will bring you the success that you have attained during the past year.

#### California

From Saint Mary's Parish in Fullerton, California, we find that the Society has held a debate on the pros and cons of Catholic education. While we have not found how successful it was, the biographical sketches of the teachers indicate that it should have been successful.

The November Memorial Mass of the Sacred Heart Holy Name Society was a tremendous success. If the membership drive in the Sacred Heart Parish is as successful as was the turn out for the Mass, we are sure that the drive will be very successful.

#### Boston

On Sunday afternoon, December 5, the Annual Officers Convention of the Boston Archdiocesan Union was held at the Hotel Bradford. Following the Convention session, a Marian Year procession took place. His Excellency, Most Rev. R. J. Cushing, D.D., the Bishop, presided and preached. As is usual with the functions of the Boston Holy Name Union, the gathering was a tremendous success.

#### Canada

The Holy Name Bulletin published monthly by the Holy Name Society of the Archdiocese of Halifax contains the second installment of the life of Blessed John of Vercelli, a fact

which reminds us to inform our readers that a new life of Blessed John is being published and should be off the press by the first of the year. If any other bulletins of the Holy Name Society wish to use any part of this new life, they have the permission of National Headquarters to do so. We suggest, however, that the officers and men of the Society get copies of this life (the price will be announced later.) They should write to our office for copies.

The Archdiocesan Union of Toronto on November 14 held a "Remembrance Sunday" the intention being the repose of the souls of those who fell in World War II. Toronto also held, in October, a Rosary Sunday Holy Hour. Reports tell us it was very successful.

#### Philippines

A letter from the Very Rev. Father Pedro G. Tejero, the National Director of the Holy Name Society in the Philippines, tells me of the progress of the Society in all Dioceses in the Philippines. As of now, the Society has been established in practically every Diocese and Archdiocese in the Islands. To close the Marian Year they are publishing a souvenir issue dedicated to our Blessed Mother. The Director promised me a copy of this souvenir program, which I hope to receive in the near future.

#### Washington

It is with deep regret that we learn that Right Rev. Monsignor Joseph M. Moran, who for twenty-one years was Spiritual Director of the Holy Name Society for the Archdiocese of Washington, has resigned. The resignation came about because of Msgr. Moran's poor health. For the two decades and more that he has been Director and accomplished so many fine results, we are deeply grateful. Our gratefulness perhaps means little, but we feel sure that Msgr. Moran will be blessed for his multiple activities in behalf of the Holy Name. To him I extend my personal appreciation and ask God to bless him down through the years.





Training of Hospitaller Brothers starts at peaceful Hammond Hall (above) in Gloucester, Mass. Vesting a candidate (right) adds scapular and cowl to a Brother's black cassock.



# The Hospitaller Brothers Of St. John of God

*Dedicated to a religious life of imitating the compassionate St. John of God, the Hospitaller Brothers care for the sick and the weak.*



Brothers preparing for work as registered nurses or technicians find their class in anatomy (above) an important part of



fundamental training, and even making a bed (above) has a correct procedure which the Brothers must learn.





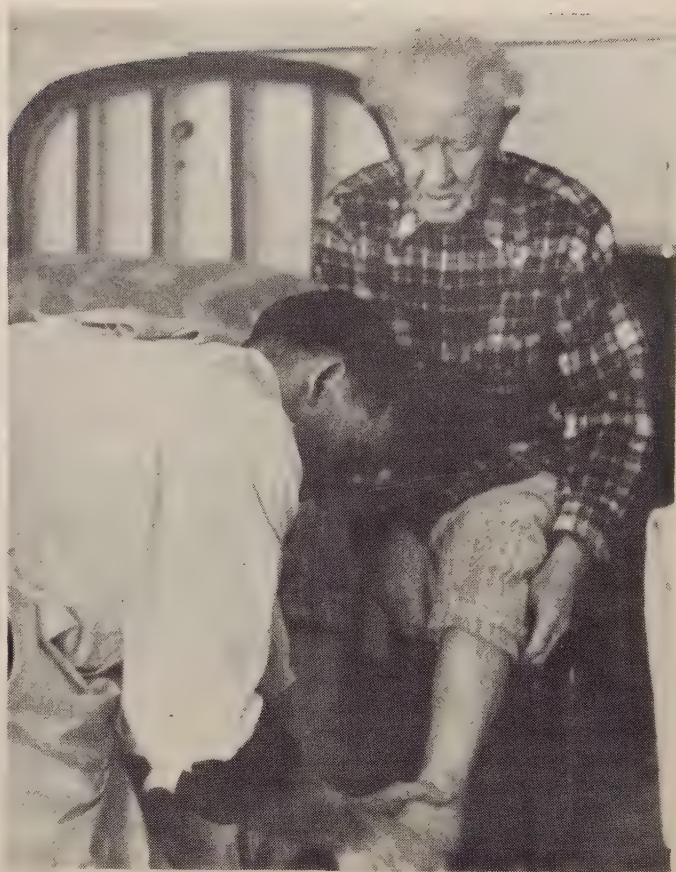
A Hospitaller, Brother Faustino, is Director of the Vatican Pharmacy.

THE YEAR 1898 witnessed many events important, not alone in secular history, but also in the annals of the Church. Pope Leo XIII that year declared St. John of God to be the heavenly patron of the dying and of all hospitals. St. John, born in Portugal in 1495, is considered to be the founder of the Order of St. John of God, the Brothers Hospitallers. The members of this Order are men who solemnly dedicate their lives in a Religious Order to the nursing of male patients. They have modern institutions in the Archdioceses of Boston and Los Angeles, but the story of their foundation goes far back to other lands and times. Their history of caring for Christ's sick and poor is an interesting page in the chronicle of the Church . . .

The Duke was very excited. "Si, Si, Excellency, it is marvelous, quite marvelous. This Brother John of God, his hospital, it is so different—a single bed for each patient. The sick are separated according to disease. He has a special section for the insane, whom he himself tends. Oh yes, Excellency, it is quite marvelous."

*(Continued on following page.)*

Postulants aid professed Brothers in vocation of charity practiced by Hospitallers. Modern methods, (right, above) alleviate suffering while cheerfulness also plays vital role (right).



Humbly bathing feet of a patient, the Hospitaller Brother imitates Christ's action of washing Apostles' feet.





The time, 1537; the place, Granada, Spain; the man was called "John of God"—an ex-soldier who, after a rather stormy youth, finally answered the call of grace and consecrated himself to the service of God. Virile, robust and energetic, he was at the same time gifted with a heart tender, affectionate and sympathetic. Possessing these qualities, it was but natural that he should feel drawn, we might say compelled, to the assistance of the poor sick. Why compelled? Well, let's start at the beginning.

The Protestant Movement had already made it's icy hand felt all through Europe. The Monastery-Hospitals of the Monks, centers for ages of healing and medical knowledge, were slowly being closed. The ancient orders of hospital brothers themselves were in a state of decadence. Abuse and neglect were rampant in hospitals administered by seculars. What is now called the "dark ages of nursing" had begun. Even in hospitals which were considered models of the age, standards, owing for the most part to the deficiency of medical knowledge, were extremely low. Several patients occupied one bed. There was no segregation according to disease, no night attendance and a high mortality rate.

It was conditions like these that touched the heart of St. John of God and made him decide to devote his life to properly caring for the sick and poor.

Facts in the following paragraph perhaps may sound quaint to modern ears, but the spirit behind specifications like these typifies the thoughtfulness, love and practical charity St. John of God had for each new patient. The extract is taken from the first Constitutions of the Order of St. John of God, which date from 1587:

"When a patient is admitted, he shall have his nails and hair cut, if required and it is not detrimental to his health. He shall have his hands and feet washed, and if necessary all his body with tepid water or wine as the doctor shall judge. A white night shirt shall be put on him and a nightcap. The bed shall be furnished with sheets and pil-

lows and it shall be warmed if necessary."

Making allowance for the progress of medical science, we find a striking similarity in the regulations of the modern hospital of today and the hospital run by St. John of God, four hundred years ago. It is not surprising to find a historian like Lombroso writing: "The history of medicine is proud to recall among the names of the great pioneers of the art of healing and the care of the sick that of the humble Portuguese who, with his great genius, created four hundred years ago a model hospital which was worthy to be compared to any of our day. It does not hesitate to proclaim that with regard to the care of the sick St. John of God was truly a reformer."

**T**HE DISCIPLES of St. John of God, the Hospitaller Brothers, quickly spread their heroic work into other countries after the death of the founder. Imbued with his spirit of devotedness and of progress, their hospitals became medical centers of renown. Kings and Popes benefited by the Brothers' skill. One Brother, a surgeon who had been an Italian Count, Gabriel Ferrara, founded twenty-two hospitals throughout northern Europe and assisted the Kings of Germany and Poland, the Emperor of Austria and Pope Urban VIII in their illnesses. He also wrote a most enlightening masterpiece, "New Paths in Surgery."

"Ancient charity with modern methods," such is the spirit of the Hospitaller Brothers of St. John of God. It was to the most afflicted and the most unwanted of the sick that St. John of God gave himself. His especial delight was in caring for the mentally ill. All were served "with his own hands" and not in a supervisory manner. The example of the Father has been faithfully carried on through the centuries by the Sons and today the most difficult and repugnant of the sick are the special objects of the Hospitaller Brothers ministrations. Those who cannot be admitted to general hospitals—incurables, the chronic sick, epileptics and the men-

tally ill—to these the son of St. John of God consecrates his whole life. The Order operates twenty-one mental hospitals alone which care for 16,000 patients. Like his holy founder, the Hospitaller Brother cares for the sick not indirectly, through ward supervision, but personally, affectionately, "with his own hands."

The touching story is told of a French sailor, the father of a family, who lost his reason and became violently and dangerously insane. Shunned and feared by all, he was chained to the wall of a gloomy cell in a sixteenth century asylum, where he was treated more as a beast than a man. The Prior of the Brothers' Hospital nearby happened to visit the place one day and saw the man. To the confusion and amazement of everyone, he approached the patient and spoke to him affectionately. Turning to the attendants, he startled them further by requesting that the bonds be loosened. The Brother left the asylum "hand in hand" with the newly cured sailor and returned him to his happy family. One does not wonder, from facts like these, that Pinel, founder of the modern mental hospital system, should so admire the works of the Hospitaller Brothers of St. John of God.

Since the dawn of Christianity, monks have opened their doors to admit and minister to the sick and the poor and have handed down through the centuries the secrets of medicine and the healing arts. Countless thousands of men from all walks of life have joined forces and, shoulder to shoulder, labored untiringly in the service of their neighbor as hospital Brothers.

During the time of the Crusades, several Orders of Knights Hospitallers were formed to care for the sick and wounded. These were the forerunners of our modern medical corpsmen.

We see from all this that caring for the sick is not an occupation solely for women. In fact, men have been in the work of religious nursing for centuries before the advent of the professional female nurse. When Our Lord wished to give an example of the works of mercy, He did not choose to talk about



a woman, but about a man, in the person of the good Samaritan, and when our Holy Mother the Church gave patrons to the sick and to professional nurses, she chose two men—St. John of God and St. Camillus.

TODAY the spirit of St. John of God burns in almost every country in the world. There are now 200 hospitals caring for all types of physical and mental ills. Sixty-five are finely equipped general hospitals, twenty-nine care for sick minds; the rest are divided into orthopedic, neuropathic, tuberculosis and surgical clinics, schools for the retarded, schools for the epileptics, children's hospitals, orphanages, schools for the blind, nursing homes and night refuges. There are two leprosariums in South Africa.

In 1936, at Madrid in Spain, 99 Brothers were martyred by the Spanish Communists for refusing to abandon their patients.

For nearly a century, Brothers of the Hospitaller Order of St. John of God have conducted the famed Vatican Pharmacy and assisted medical units within the Vatican. They have the singular privilege of nursing the Sovereign Pontiffs, some of whom have included Urban VIII, Innocent XII, Gregory XVI, Benedict XV, Pius X and Pius XI.

The only person alive today who assisted the Sainly Pontiff Pope Pius X in his last illness is Brother Faustino Giuliani, now Director of the Vatican Pharmacy. He had the privilege of being the nurse of Pope Pius X. His was the honor of laying out the holy body and accompanying it to the chapel.

The life of the Hospitaller Brother is a living example of the charity of the Church of Jesus Christ. Throughout the centuries it has been an encouragement and a consolation to the faithful and a forceful, compelling argument to those who do not believe. How many souls has it not won when all pleading and preaching have failed!

"Spreading the Gospel, not preaching it by word of mouth, but by example; not by announcing it, but by living it."

## THE BEGGAR ON THE CROSS

### *A Lithuanian Folktale*

(ADAPTED BY MOTHER M. ALOYSIA)

*On the edge of a dusty road, in a little green country called Lithuania, stood a tall wayside cross. There were many crosses like that all over the land. The blond and blue-eyed people of Lithuania carved these beautiful crosses from wood and stood them up in their gardens, in the fields and forests, in the churchyards and graveyards. Most of all, they liked to set them high on the waysides. That is why they are called wayside crosses.*

*One of these crosses stood on the side of a lonely road leading to a little town called Alvitas. One day, a poor and unhappy beggar stopped in front of this cross to rest a while. He looked at it, and it made him think; so he began to talk out loud to the holy image that was nailed on the cross.*

*"You know, you're better off hanging on the cross, Lord," he said. "Look at me, homeless, miserable, and hungry; going about and begging from day to day."*

*Hearing this, the Lord slowly loosened Himself from the cross, came down, put the beggar on it and said: "Now, as long as you hang on the cross be very patient, and say not a word. Be as silent as the ground on which I stand, no matter what happens." And the Lord disappeared.*

*While the beggar was hanging here, a rich man passed by, and it so happened that he dropped the bag with his money very close to the cross. The beggar on the cross watched. The rich man went away, but his money lay there in the dust.*

*In a little while, another traveler came riding down the road on a horse, and seeing the money at the foot of the cross, picked it up and quickly rode away.*

*When the rich man discovered that he lost his money he came back to look for it near the cross, but he couldn't find it. This made him angry. He walked up and down the road until he met a raggedy old man.*

*"Where is my money?" he demanded. "You found it. Give it back to me, you scoundrel."*

*"What money?" asked the innocent man.*

*But the rich man jumped on the poor stranger and beat him again and again.*

*The beggar on the cross was terribly upset and filled with pity, for he knew that the poor traveler did not have the rich man's money. But he remembered his promise to the Lord that he would not speak. He almost did, for the rich man would not cease beating the stranger. At last, he could bear it no longer and he screamed: "Stop it! He is not the man who found your money!" Surprised by the voice from the cross, the rich man fled in horror.*

*Now the Lord appeared again. He was displeased with the beggar on the cross. He said to him: "See, you were unable to suffer in silence even one time, while I see so much more, and suffer all in silence. Come down from the cross!"*

*And the Lord took to His cross again and continued to watch the road in silence.*





FATHER PATRICK MARTIN

This seems to be the age of every one for himself. Few in the world seem to have the thoughtfulness and selflessness of days of old, though those qualities of our ancestors are needed today more than ever before. Now nothing is done without the questions, "What's in it for me?" "What do I get out of it?" But in truth it is vital that we develop a new outlook, a beyond-the-self looking out. There is pressing need for an *outlook* in more ways than one, one which considers not my own convenience and welfare but the welfare of others. The outlook implied in our title "Shoulder to Shoulder" means the self with others, working for a worthwhile end, to the glory of God or the benefit of our fellow men. A spirit of cooperation and helpfulness is needed to make the world a better place in which to live? Well then, it must come from all of us. This spirit of "one for all and all for one" must be the keynote of our everyday lives if we are to be real members of the community. And for whose good can we better extend ourselves than for the good of our youth? What is being done by you and your Holy Name Society for the young of your parish?

St. Paul said, many centuries ago: "The higher stands not without the lower." Is the top rung of the ladder of any use without the lower rungs? We would certainly have to use "giant steps" to reach the top rung without using the lower ones, and the same goes for the welfare of a parish where the needs of youth are neglected. All the stars on a general's shoulder would be useless without the stripe of the PFC. It is cooperation and oneness that builds the army, the team, the nation, and the Church.

Certainly it is true that we owe our young brothers much needed help. We may not be our brother's "keeper but we are surely his helper. "Love ye one another

# The Junior Holy Name Society

*Notes for and about young Holy Name men.*

## Shoulder To Shoulder

as I have loved you." No one can strive to live up to this and not want to do something for our youth, and this something needs doing in common. Anyone who has played baseball, basketball, or football must realize the value and necessity of team work. These one man teams never get far. A good pitcher needs a good infield and outfield, and the team as a whole needs a wise and sympathetic coach.

What about the HOLY NAME SOCIETY—SENIOR AND JUNIOR? Here is a wonderful basis, already organized and adaptable for young men, on which to build a plan for work with youth. The plan is wonderful, but without the cooperation and help from the men of the parish it will be of little use. Time and personal service, divided among many willing souls, are necessities. The priest works hard sending out notices to the boys, gathering them together for spiritual and material gain, hearing their Confessions, guiding them and helping them as much as he can. But by himself he can't do it all. He needs helpers, those who are willing to sacrifice their time and energy for the helping of others.

Your boys of the age for the Junior Holy Name Society are also the age of the juvenile delinquents we read of in the papers. There is a place and a plan for them in the Junior Holy Name that will help you to keep your boys out of the headlines. Yet, speak to any priest, and he will tell you of the apathy and even the opposition of the fathers in his parish when the matter of organizing and operating a youth plan comes up. They'll complain when one of the boys go wrong. But they'll do nothing to head off his failure, to keep him right, if it means work.

You Seniors, you earnest Holy Name men, by your interest, your encouragement, your manly fatherly affection, can help these boys of ours to circumvent the pitfalls in their paths. Will you go to work for our boys, as generously as you can? It is in giving that we receive. There is a great feeling of satisfaction, a great feeling of accomplishment (the hundred-fold), when you see one of these boys make the grade. You can be with each lad, "shoulder to shoulder." Perhaps without you and your efforts he would not have made it. "In as much as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



*A busy young dad  
claims there's nothing new  
about natural childbirth.*

# From Here To Paternity

by T. Earl Heffner, Jr.

THERE'S nothing that'll take a fellow's nose out of the sports pages of a newspaper quicker than for his wife to say, "Tom, we're gonna have a baby." Of course, the papa-to-be, whether for the first time or for an additional time, usually plunges very quickly back into his newspaper, maybe muttering something about "That's swell." Rarely "going Hollywood," he tenderly puts his wife to bed for nine months while he feeds her milk and caters to fanciful yens for candied watermelon rind.

That's the way it usually went in my house when God blessed us with a couple of those—how do the romantic writers put it?—bundles from Heaven. Bet those writers never walked the floor with a tothing Tommy or collicky Karen. But never again. No more sports pages—not even an editorial page or a comic strip—during my wife's pregnancies. The naturalists got hold of her.

Did you ever read a book on natural childbirth while you were drinking your breakfast coffee? Certainly, it's interesting reading. But with bacon and eggs? Shucks, my appetite was no better than my wife's. It's no wonder that women are plagued with nausea during those first few weeks. I can tell you truthfully that the hockey scores or word of a triple by Stan (The Man) Musial or a long touchdown gallop by Charlie Choo-Choo Justice is a much better stimulant for the appetite. About the only thing a fellow can do in the face of this natural childbirth situation is change his reading habits. And I'm like any other

guy; I'm kinda "set" in my ways and slow to change. It's easier to stick a book under my nose instead of a newspaper at breakfast than to change my reading choice any other hour of the day.

Now, don't all you advocates of natural childbirth get all het up over this. I'm strong for your cause. Why we men have been onto it since the beginning of time. After all, wasn't Adam the first father. And the Lord used him to create Eve. (Thank the Lord he let women take over after that birth.) Yes, I think there's much to be said in favor

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## KINSHIP

Brothers are we, my guide and I,  
Under an azure Autumn sky;  
Out of the dark boughs overhead  
Making our fragrant cedar bed,  
Keeping a camp fire clear and bright,  
Sitting beside it half the night.

Brothers are we, my guide and I  
As seasoned with cold, the winds go by;  
Ours is the catch and ours the feast,  
Ours is the game not yet policed;  
Here in the trackless, silent wood,  
Kinship is really understood.

Brothers are we, my guide and I,  
Petty conventions we dare defy;  
The silence of forest upon our lips  
As the sun rides high or the pale moon  
dips,  
Monarchs of river and lake and land,  
The nearness of God we understand.

—L. M. THORNTON

of natural childbirth; I believe in its advantages. But that isn't going to stop me from tweaking your theories and toes a bit.

Like I said earlier, my wife got the natural childbirth bug during her last pregnancy—and it didn't hurt the baby a bit. (I guess I should admit at this point that the hospitals aren't equipped in my city for natural childbirth, so the doctor had to use a mild sedative right before the birth; but, my brave little woman went right along her laborious way, doing as the song says, what comes naturally, until the doctor ordered her to submit to some anesthesia.)

She couldn't quite understand why I didn't get excited and enthusiastic over her experience. Me, an old pro who had been through a pair of natural childbirths before. Just like all the daddies since the beginning of time.

You know that old hospital saw, "We haven't lost a father yet." Those people shouldn't take the credit. Maybe we men are made of sterner stuff. But I suspect that the reason we take birth without anesthesia—although some of us do resort to a bottled-in-bond potion to numb our senses—is that we've learned to relax. Why some of us even go to sleep and wait for the nurse to call and say, "It's a boy," or "It's a girl."

Cool, calm, and collected. Yes, that's the male animal. Relax. No tension. No worries. That's the secret of natural childbirth. You women just got to learn it. Do I know what I'm talking about?

Well, when my first child was born I was sitting at home with a brother and a buddy; we were playing penny poker. (Of course, I called the hospital every 10 minutes and nearly wrecked my car when it came time to race the stork to the hospital.) And all the time my wife was lying in that delivery room unable to relax, unconscious of the glorious event because she was drugged.

My second child came at a time when I was unable to find any poker pals, so I just went to the office and had my baby—almost while I was at work, just taking the easy, natural way. And by the time this last youngster came along,



I couldn't afford poker games—it's a sin to lose the money earmarked for your children's milk bill—so I just went to the picture show. I was so relaxed that the stork beat me to the hospital.

I'm not an unusual man. A friend of mine became a father while he was at a football game. There are thousands of guys just like him, who find nothing unusual about natural paternity.

Yea, you say, but it's the mother that has the pain and strain. You may be right, pal, but not all of it—not by the hair on your chinny-chin-chin.

**I**T'S DADDY that digs the afterstrains. What do I mean? Well, let me briefly sum up what went on in my home while my wife was relaxing in that comfortable hospital bed after little Stephen was born.

I had five-year-old Karen and four-year-old Tommy and no time on my hands. This was a typical day:

7:30 a.m.—Get up, cook breakfast, feed the youngsters, dress them, brush their hair, and get Karen to kindergarten by 8:30 o'clock.

8:30 a.m. until 11:50 a.m.—Not a thing to do, but clean the house, work on the new tile floor I was putting in the kitchen, and take care of a little boy who was lonesome for his mother.

11:50 a.m.—Pick up Karen from school, take her home, feed her and Tommy lunch, get Karen into some play clothes, do the dishes, bathe, shave, and dress myself.

2:00 p.m.—Turn the children over to their aunt or to one of their grandmothers.

2:30 p.m.—Be at the hospital for a brief visit with my wife.

3:00 p.m.—Go by the nursery window and take a look at my new son.

3:15 p.m.—Be at work in the office of the morning newspaper where I work as a copy editor.

7-8 p.m.—Supper hour—and in that hour go by the hospital to see my wife. Then grab a hamburger, cheeseburger—or if it's a day of abstinence, a grilled cheese sandwich and a cup of coffee.

12:00 midnight—The day at the office is done. And the stomach is yelling

for food. It's 1 a.m. by the time I make it to bed, for there must be travel time, a moment to eat, and a few minutes at the close of a busy day to give thanks to God for His many blessings, His loving kindness.

Two weeks of this, five days a week. And those four days when I didn't have to work at the office found me at Mass on Sundays, at the hospital visiting my wife, tending to the children. And on the week days I painted the bathroom, finished the kitchen floor, repaired some broken plaster and prepared to tile the bathroom wall.

Relax! Wasn't that my secret of natural childbirth? Oh, but I did relax. During childbirth. Afterwards? I did take off a couple of hours to watch the professional football game on Sunday afternoon.

Sure, I relaxed during natural childbirth. But oh, those after-strains.

**T**HE LOT OF A DADDY is a lot. Don't

get me wrong. I'm like all the other fathers. We know what a mother has to endure, and we love our wives, God bless 'em. I just wanted to remind you women that natural childbirth isn't anything new. That's why we men don't get excited about it. We've done it since Adam gave up a rib for Eve—and now I'm ribbing you. So did you women, until modern medical science began to cheat you of what—so I've been told—is a wonderful experience of motherhood.

My wife's going to have something to say about this article. All husbands know they can't get the last word. And I know what her comment will be; I've heard it before. It goes something like this: "If being a father is so tough, why don't you have the next baby?"

Me have the next baby? No, mam, I'll not try to interfere with God's continuing pattern of creation. I'll stick with my ulcers. There's no womb in me for any other pains.

## Martyrdom at Ypres

*(Continued from page 11.)*

crash of the guns, the chalice might be overturned. Round about me on every side was the biggest congregation I ever had; behind the altar, on either side, and in front, row after row, sometimes crowding one upon the other, but all quiet and silent, as if they were straining their ears to catch every syllable of that tremendous act of Sacrifice—but every man was dead. Some had lain there for a week and were foul and horrible to look at, with faces black and green. Others had only just fallen, and seemed rather sleeping than dead, but there they lay, for none had time to bury them, brave fellows, every one, friend and foe alike, while I held in my unworthy hands the God of battles, their Creator and their Judge, and prayed Him to give rest to their souls.

At Ypres on August 16, 1917, four

Irish battalions were thrown into a sickening unsurmountable inferno of German shells. "My poor brave boys," Father Doyle bursts out in his last diary entry. He crawled out amid the buzzing and thumping of shells to an exposed position, annointed a wounded officer, and dragged him within the lines. But a ticketed shell, different from all the rest, whined and dropped into the little group clustered around the wounded officer. Father Doyle's soul and the souls of those near him were blown free of this earth. His torn body was found and buried by some Irish soldiers; and there it rests to this day, in an unknown corner of Flanders.

Father Doyle's heroic courage lives on in thousands of Chaplains' hearts all over the world who march to torn battlefields bearing not death, but peace. Their men know them by the tiny symbol on their collars, the same symbol that Father Doyle loved and imitated, the symbol of the cross.



# LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

*"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"*

—POPE PIUS XI

by Charles B. Quirk, O.P.

THE historical development of the labor movement in the United States can be traced through a series of significant mile stones along the road to a position of great strength and wide influence. During the last decade of the nineteenth century organized labor sought to make the eight-hour day the national pattern for American industry. In the first quarter of the present century labor campaigned for the right to collective bargaining, social security and workmen's compensation. And, after World War II, pensions and medical benefits became the additional objectives of collective bargaining. For Americans whose memories of forty years ago are dimmed or for youngsters who were born in the thirties the milestones are sometimes obscured by the fact that all these accepted components of the American standard of living are now guaranteed the average American workingman. In a word, too many citizens tend to forget that each milestone was approached — and passed — only after great effort and despite seemingly hopeless odds. Late in October organized labor gained still another objective when the National Labor Relations Board, by a three-to-one decision, ruled that terms of stock purchase plans must be the subject of collective bargaining if unions demand such action.

## Unions and Stock Ownership

For a number of years a few American firms have offered limited shares of their stock to employees. In some instances management's offer of stock ownership has represented a genuine

effort to supplement wages and salaries with a substantial share of profit income. In most cases, however, the offer of stocks to workers seemingly has been prompted by mixed motives. Either the good will of employees was sought by the gesture of token participation in ownership or the threat of undesired unionization was reduced by a slight demonstration of paternalism. At any rate, the amount of stocks made available and the manner in which they were distributed among employees was considered to be strictly the province of management.

In 1953 the Richfield Oil Corporation of Los Angeles put into effect a contributory stock purchase plan for its workers. However, it refused to bargain about the terms of the plan with Oil Workers International C.I.O. The union submitted its case to the National Labor Relations Board and waited a decision. The verdict of N.L.R.B. was as unexpected as it is significant. Briefly, the N.L.R.B. held that Richfield must bargain with union representatives on all aspects of its plan since the subject matter of contributory stock plans (employees contribute deductions from their pay along with equal contributions of employers) falls within proper comprehension of collective bargaining. Richfield refused to accept the N.L.R.B. findings and prepared to appeal the issue in the courts. The element of surprise in the N.L.R.B. verdict derives from the fact that this is one of the few times in which the new board has favored the union position.

Understandably, Richfield regards the

issue as a test of traditional management prerogatives. And the fact that Richfield attorneys were supported before the Board by legal department of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce indicates that a large segment of American management holds the same view. In substance management's position is this. If the unions are given the right to demand negotiations on the terms of contributory stock plans they will, in effect, sit on both sides of the bargaining table—as labor representatives of the employees and as legal representatives of the stockholders. Furthermore, according to management spokesmen, the way is now open for organized labor to demand stock participation whether management is ready to give it or not. Albert Beeson, the most recently appointed member of the National Labor Relations Board differed sharply from the majority on the issue and in his minority report summarized the prevailing attitude of American management. "It is difficult," Beeson held, "to conceive any more flagrant invasion of what were heretofore considered the 'legitimate rights of employers'. . . . I do not believe . . . that the union which represents (the employee) can wear two hats, and still successfully bargain for the employees as employees."

Both Mr. Beeson and the official line of American management have real merit. However, it is our opinion that in both instances the point of view expressed is directed at a situation which has been taken out of its proper context. After all, the N.L.R.B. has not yet ordered management to



bargain with employees on the question of whether or not they should be given the right to own stocks in the companies for which they work. Actually, the only issue in the recent N.L.R.B. decision was whether or not the terms of stock purchase *voluntarily* offered by management should be *discussed* by both management and labor. In the light of past experience unions are wary of stock offers and rightly so. It is certainly right and proper, then, that labor's representatives should agree to the terms which their constituents shall *match* the contributions of management in the purchase of stocks. In the last analysis, this is the intent of the N.L.R.B. directive.

Whether or not employees have the right to demand a share in the ownership of the firms for which they work is quite another question. The most that can be said is that Papal doctrine on this point supports the *advisability* of supplementing wages and salaries with some share in ownership—where this is possible. It would seem, then, that every effort should be made to allow employees participation in stock purchases.

### Unions in Trouble

It is sometimes difficult for the average citizen to understand labor's implacable opposition to the Taft-Hartley Act. Seemingly, each provision of the law introduces fair and equitable regulation of certain known labor abuses. Even rank-and-file unionists agree with most of the objectives of the Act. It is alleged, then, that only labor leaders are against the law. And, the corollary of this latter allegation is that labor leadership just does not speak for the mass of labor.

Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. Actually, labor leaders, in the vast majority of instances, are honest, intelligent, hardworking men and women. As such, they enjoy both the confidence and loyalty of the seventeen million Americans in the labor movement. Furthermore, most of these labor leaders helped to direct contemporary unionism to its present

position of strength. Acutely conscious of historical anti-unionism, they are immediately aware of renewed efforts to revive those legal weapons which were used so effectively against labor for so many decades. The opposition of these labor leaders to the Taft-Hartley Act has been based upon the *implications* of the law rather than upon the actual terminology of its provisions. It would seem that the latest statistics of American labor movement bear out their fears.

The most recent reports of the National Board for the year ending in June, 1954, reveals some disturbing facts. As a result of N.L.R.B. elections, the number of new employees covered by collective bargaining contracts have dropped approximately fifty per cent. Fewer employees were eligible to vote in union representation elections during the same period than at any time since the passage of the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947. More workers voted for "no union" in 1953-54 than at any time in the last seven years. And, unions lost more N.L.R.B. elections in the past twelve months than at any time in recent history.

It might be argued, of course, that the decline in union bargaining strength merely follows the traditional postwar pattern. Undoubtedly, the prosperity of the last decade has contributed greatly to the indifference of many American workers to the basic protection of unionism. Too many American workers now believe they can go it alone, perhaps. However, it would seem that the cumulative evidence of union decline is ascribable more to the environment of antagonism and confusion generated by the present labor legislation than to any one single factor. As surpluses of workers appeared in most of the nation's principal labor markets management invoked restrictive legal weapons which had been available to them since 1947—but which they had feared to apply while their need for workers was so great. In short, those "implications" of the law which labor leaders—and most students of labor rela-

tions—believed would be applied when the opportunity arose are being applied with substantial success. The need for a total revision of our labor legislation is a continuing imperative.

### "Preventive" Mediation

It has been estimated that at least fifty percent of the work stoppages which paralyze some segment of the nation's economy could be prevented by expert and timely mediation. Mediation, of course, is not arbitration. No final adjustment of claims and counter claims emerge from a conciliation or mediation effort. But the objective appraisal of the issues involved and respect for both the ability and the fairness of the mediators tends to bring common sense into the arena.

One of Mr. Eisenhower's laudable objectives has been to stress the role of mediation in labor disputes. The Presidential assumption that one can talk one's industrial relations problems to a settlement borders on the naive. But the Chief Executive is quite right in seeking to extend the function of mediation beyond its traditional minor role of intervention *after* discussions have reached the critical phase. The first major effort of the government to apply the President's "preventive" philosophy will be attempted in the forthcoming negotiations over guaranteed annual wage plans. Already, the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service have trained a special three-man team for the highly complicated task of mediating the anticipated guaranteed annual wage issue in two of the nation's largest industries. And the chief of the Service, W. P. McCay, has suggested that in the forthcoming negotiations a neutral chairman preside at all collective bargaining sessions.

The idea of a neutral chairman is, of course, excellent in theory. The difficulty is to obtain a chairman who would be regarded by all concerned as objectively neutral. At any rate, it is to be hoped that the fact of preventive mediation and conciliation will be the normal and accepted procedure in American industrial relations.



# Action on the Parish Front

## *A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization*

by Fred A. Muth

### A Patronal Feast Salute

**W**HILE the Holy Name Society activities year began in September, a new year of life and activity nevertheless begins on January 1. As officers of the Society we ought to resolve to bring new interest and zest into our program and to do even a better job than we have been doing in the past. This resolve is in keeping with the natural enthusiasm that radiates all of us at the start of a new year.

It is indeed fortunate that the Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, our Patronal Feast, occurs during the month of January. What a splendid occasion to inaugurate a new era of enthusiastic Holy Name work. By special indult the observance of the feast can be transferred to the second Sunday of the month, our traditional Holy Name Sunday. Obviously our January program should take its keynote from this festive day. Every branch Society should consider the proper observance of the occasion as a must on their program of activities. Let's start the year off with a Patronal Feast Salute—a salute from the millions of men who are proud of their membership in the great Confraternity of the Holy Name.

#### Corporate Communion Mass

On the Second Sunday of January every Society is to assemble its entire man power in the school hall before Mass. Led by the Society's banner and the American Flag, all the men will march in procession into the Church to attend the Corporate Mass of the Society. As a living testimony of our faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ,

Holy Name men all over the world will be marching shoulder to shoulder in that great army of Christ to participate in the eternal sacrifice and to receive Holy Communion in a great corporate body. While we are giving public evidence of our faith, we shall be receiving the many indulgences of the Society to strengthen ourselves in the important task of sanctifying our souls. As we stand before the tabernacle of our Eucharistic King toward the end of the Mass we shall recite our Holy Name Pledge in voices loud and clear and with a sincerity of purpose. More religious and patriotic words never fell from the lips of men. As we leave the portals of our parish churches we shall feel that deep seated revival of spiritual strength that will carry us over the pitfalls of modern day living. We shall have fittingly saluted our leader on this special Feast Day commemorating the sacredness of His Holy Name.

#### Patronal Feast Day Class

The occasion also calls for a special effort in behalf of strengthening the membership rolls of the Society. The results of the work of our membership committees should be brought to a fruitful conclusion by the inclusion in our Patronal Feast Day program of a solemn reception of new members. May we call this group of new applicants "Our Patronal Feast Day Class." Be sure that all new members are individually notified about the reception program. Have them all assemble before Mass so that they can be placed

in the front ranks of our procession and in the front pews in church. At a specified time during the Mass, arrange to have the spiritual director conduct the formal reception ceremony for the new members.

#### Communion Intention

The work of the Holy Name Society is vitally important in the world today. It would seem that the world situation in which we find ourselves living calls for as great an effort as did the days when Pope Gregory X called for action on the part of John of Vercelli and his band of Preachers. We must be on guard against those who would destroy Christ and His teachings. We must be ready to act for the cause of Christ and His Church. There is not only room for solid lay action but a dire need for the same. As a spiritual aid, therefore, let us choose as our Communion Intention for the month of January a prayerful remembrance for "The Blessing of God Upon the Holy Name Society." Announce this intention to your membership in advance.

#### Promotion

In order to be successful in any Holy Name Society activity a goodly amount of planning and promotion is required. A general plan has been offered above—how about a few promotional hints, you say? Well, here are a few—try some of them:

1. Announce your January Patronal Feast Day Program, if possible, at your December meeting.



2. Request pulpit announcements and encouragements from your spiritual director for a few Sundays in advance of the big day..

3. On the Sunday immediately preceding your Holy Name Sunday, with the permission of your spiritual director, distribute circulars after all the Masses. Something like the following:

**Next Sunday is Holy Name Sunday  
Patronal Feast Day Observance**

**Mass: 7:30 a.m. Procession: 7:30 a.m.**

**Every Holy Man in Line  
We'll be looking for YOU**

4. Send a mailed notice outlining every feature of the program to all the members on the Monday preceding Holy Name Sunday.

5. Organize a telephone squad to call each member on the Friday before Holy Name Sunday as a last minute reminder. A small group of men each pledged to call five or ten members each would do the job. The size of the telephone squad varies with the size of the parish.

6. Prepare a news release about your program and send it to the Catholic press and to the secular press of your community.

### January Meeting Program

Whatever might be your normal practice relative to monthly meetings it is strongly recommended that a special Breakfast Meeting be planned for the month of January. Incorporate in your detailed planning some of the following suggestions:

1. A substantial and well organized breakfast menu served with dispatch.

2. A short but complete business meeting with all officers and committee chairmen officially reporting on their specific assignments.

3. Introduction of Patronal Feast Day Class of new members.

4. An outstanding guest speaker.

5. A short but well executed entertainment feature provided by home talent, if possible.

6. Full announcement of coming Holy Name events and activities, including your February program.

7. Message of your spiritual director.

### Patronal Feast Rally

It is quite fitting, and we should like to recommend the conducting of an evening Patronal Feast Spiritual Rally or Holy Hour. This evening rally can be conducted on a parish basis, as a deanery or district function, as a city wide or diocesan wide activity. The program can include exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the Litany of the Holy Name, prayers, hymns, a sermon, and Benediction. In smaller areas the members can be encouraged to bring their wives and families with them. In large metropolitan areas the men can be encouraged to proceed in a body to the church designated as the rally location. Wherever and however we plan the event it can become a fitting climax to a day set aside to commemorate our Feast of the Holy Name.

### Vercelli Crusade

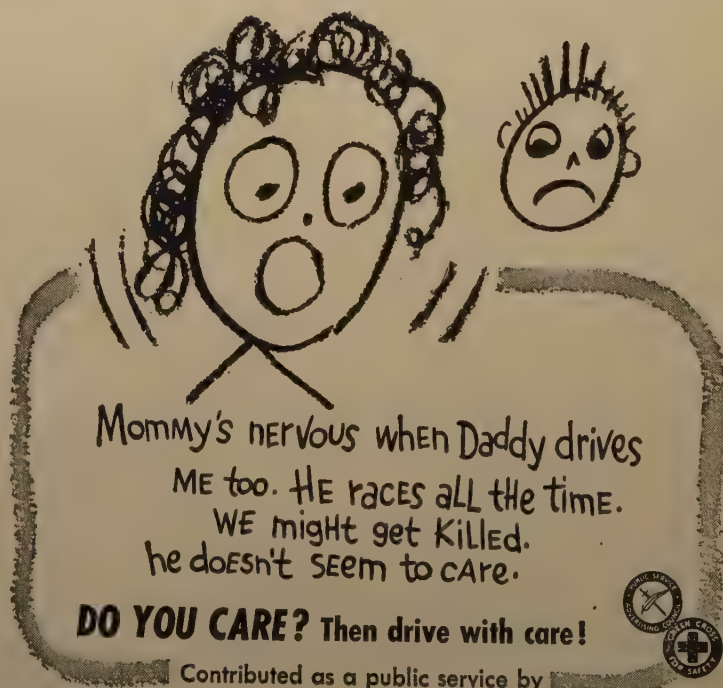
If you have not as yet joined the Blessed John of Vercelli crusade—do it now. The beginning of another fiscal year would be a grand time to officially enroll. What must you do? Merely begin a campaign to offer an ejaculation in

honor of Blessed John so that some day through our constant prayers he may be raised to the dignity of sainthood. May we recommend once again a small table shrine for all your gatherings so that your entire membership will be constantly reminded to pray for the early canonization of our founder. The shrine can be erected by purchasing a statue of Blessed John from National Headquarters and a few vigil lights from your local church goods supplier.

### Preview for January

In keeping with our policy of presenting in these columns each month a composite program for the following month, we should like to call your attention to the fact that in the January issue of the Journal we shall outline the February program for the Society.

February is both our Patriotic month and Catholic Press Month. Our Communion Intention will be "For Officials in Public Life." Detailed suggestions for carrying out these program themes will be presented next month. Until then, here's wishing you a Happy, Blessed, and Successful New Year!



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**The Holy Name Journal**

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# SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

This is the month of retrospect in the sphere of sports. And it takes only a hurried "hark back" to observe that the year 1954, and it still has a while to go, has been most unusual indeed. Actually it wasn't even a day old when the surprises began. Remember what happened last New Year's Day in the Cotton Bowl football game? That was when an Alabama bench warmer, aching to get into the game, suddenly started from the bench, ran onto the field and tackled a Rice ball-carrier en route to a touchdown.

Tradition had it that a gray horse never had won the famous Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs. That's without reckoning on 1954. The jinx prevailed for 79 years. But last May, a lucky three-year-old named Determinine put an end to that jinx.

Lots of things have happened in baseball in the past 12 months. The New York Giants' four-game sweep over Cleveland in the World Series needs no elaboration. And the recent on-again, off-again sale of the Philadelphia Athletics to Kansas City is still a fresh farce in the minds of most sports fans.

Two individuals also held the spotlight. The herculean, home-run and pinch-hitting feats of Dusty Rhodes in the World Series and throughout the season for the Giants will long be remembered. And then there's Ted Williams. Seems there's always Ted Williams. Last Spring the Boston Red Sox slugger was starting his first season since he returned from Korea where he was a combat bomber. His return brought about pennant talk for the Red Sox. But that talk was soon silenced. In his first appearance in the outfield, Williams fell and shattered his shoulder bone. About mid-season he returned to the Red Sox lineup and

hit like the Williams of old. But it was too late to resurrect his team.

This was the year, too, that the myth of a 4-minute mile in track circles was shattered. Up till then, the great Gunder Haegg of Sweden came the closest in 1945, when he covered the distance in 4:01.4. Then, all of a sudden, it happened. Roger Bannister, a London medical student, became the first human to turn the trick, in 3:59.4. Weeks later, Australia's John Landy shaved 1.4-seconds off of Bannister's brilliant mark. In both feats, another British distance star by the name of Chris Chataway chased Bannister and Landy to their sub 4-minute records. Later, he too set a world mark in the 5000-meters competition, topping the record of Russia's Emil Zatopek.

## Courageous Links-Stars

Looking back on the golfing scene, it is interesting to note that players with physical handicaps excelled. Ed Furgol, who has a crippled left arm, won the United States Open; Chick Harbert, who once was a mess of broken bones from an automobile accident, took the PGA title; Bob Toski, peanut-sized 127-pound Texan, triumphed in the World Championship tournament, and Lloyd Mangrum, a battle-scarred World War II veteran with several medals to his credit, finished first in the Western Open.

Several new names also moved into the spotlight: Toski, Julius Boros, Doug Ford, Jerry Barber, Earl Stewart, Johnny Palmer, Ted Kroll, Walter Burkemo, Furgol, Bud Holscher, Bo Wininger and George Fazio.

A note of sadness, too, shadows the golfing scene in that Ben Hogan, who was supposed to have another big year, failed to win a major tournament.

Last year he won the Masters, United States Open and the British Open. Something went awry this year. Sam Snead defeated him in the play-off for the Masters, and a third-round 76 ruined him in the U.S. Open.

The golf season, however, will best be remembered by this writer for a coincidence that happened while he covered a tournament in Buffalo, N. Y., for a local newspaper. The regular golf writer was on vacation. So yours truly was given the assignment.

And, just as you might expect, the impossible happened. For 30 years, there never had been a hole-in-one in tournament play. This time there were two—on different holes. Stranger still, it was the third ace for each golfer. Need more be said?

On the feminine side of the ledger, the marvelous comeback of Babe Zaharias Didrickson, after her 1953 cancer operation, and the fine play of Patty Berg, dominated. Mrs. Zaharias won the Vare Trophy, with a 66-round average of 75.44 strokes and placed second in the money-winning lineup with \$14,412. Miss Berg was first with \$15,905 in prize money. The Babe tied Louise Suggs with five tournament victories each. And Miss Berg and Betsy Rawls were next with three apiece.

In boxing, Rocky Marciano proved he is a real heavyweight champion. But others, like Jimmy Carter in the lightweight division and Kid Gavilan, former welterweight king, lost their crowns. Meanwhile, Old Bobo Olson keeps rolling along.

Technically, the year's football started off on New Year's Day with a rousing upset when Maryland, the nation's No. 1 team, was upended by Oklahoma, 7-0, in the Orange Bowl. Since that date football has yielded its



full measure of thrills. Certainly Navy thrilled the entire country in its rousing victory over powerful Army. And now we'll be looking forward to seeing Navy perform a final time in the Sugar Bowl.

Notre Dame has been showing up well under Coach Terry Brennan in his first year. And Army has won the hearts of fans everywhere. Ohio State and UCLA proudly prevailed, as expected.

The pro league, meanwhile, has been the best balanced in years—and it's good to see that Johnny Lattner, the Pittsburgh Steelers excellent back from Notre Dame, is in line for NFL rookie-of-the-year laurels.

Again we hasten to inject into our annual review another personal note. This time we nominate a stratagem used in a high school football game as about the year's best. It happened in a game between two Catholic League teams in Buffalo, when Canisius, taught by the Jesuits, and Timon, taught by the Franciscans tangled.

Leading 13-7 at halftime, Canisius returned to the field with its ball-carriers attired in swim-trunks. Their coach, Johnny Barnes, used this stratagem to cope with the diluvian conditions brought about by the torrential wrath of Hurricane Hazel. It worked, too—with the bare-legged ball-carriers breaking away in the quagmire for two more touchdowns!

These are some of the things which sports fans will long remember about 1954. There doubtless were other outstanding and odd happenings. These are only the few which come readily to mind. You, perhaps, have your own favorite incident.

### Sports Merry-Go-Round

Add the feat of Marilyn Bell, 16-year-old Toronto mermaid, to the Year's top sports achievements. Her stout-hearted swim from Youngstown, N. Y., across Lake Ontario to Toronto, gained her international fame and probably swimming immortality.

The year also saw the unexpected victories of plucky Doris Hart, Vic

Seixas and Jaroslav Drobny for national tennis titles.

Mayo Smith, new baseball manager of the Philadelphia Phillies, may be a stranger to many people, but not to Bob (Howdy Doody) Smith, who recently named his new-born son after him. Bob, incidently, also is a god-parent for Mayo's boy. They were the best of friends when Bob was a radio personality in Buffalo, N. Y., and Mayo cavorted in centerfield for the Bisons.

Now that the American League Athletics have switched from Philadelphia to Kansas City, let's hope they can change their player personnel with a little less confusion!

If your hobby is the name-game of assembling alphabetical major league teams, forget the Joneses. They lack a catcher. Smiths and Browns are possible. No foolin', Yale defeated Vassar recently in football. They're a couple of high schools in neighboring Michigan communities.

Eddie Anderson, Holy Cross head football coach, will coach the East against the West in the annual Shrine Crippled Children's game New Year's Day. Here's hoping he has better luck than he had with hapless Holy Cross this season.

Those two Cincinnati catchers who caught baseballs dropped from an Army helicopter flying 575 feet above Crosley Field last September, might not have done the stunt if it wasn't for a Jesuit. The Rev. Victor C. Steschulte, S.J., head of the Xavier University physics department, figured out the advance speed of the baseball for various stages of its descent, the numbers of seconds it would take the ball to reach the catcher, and other pertinent data before it was decided the stunt was possible. The Rev. Joseph A. Persich, S.J., a fellow Jesuit, is another master mathematician. The decimal increase or decrease in a baseball player's batting average has inspired him to introduce algebraic formulas to compute the change in a player's average. After watching Father Persich illustrate the equations, one student re-

marked, "Golly, its amazing what a lot of confusion a base hit can cause." So, for that matter, can an out!

Joe Engel, owner of the Chattanooga Club of the Southern Association Baseball League, tells of the rookie he once tried to sign to a contract. "Double the salary or count me out," wired the rookie. So Engel wired back: "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10."

Did you know that there never has been a tie game in the Sugar Bowl? Or that Bill Cunningham, the Boston sportswriter and former Dartmouth star, coached at Southern Methodist in 1921? Or better still, that Tulane was the first major university to have a cheerleader—Marion Harper, by name?

Quote from *Sports Illustrated*: "Johnny: 'What's an atheist, Pop?' . . . Pop: 'An atheist is a man who doesn't care who wins the Notre Dame-S.M.U. football game.'"

Major league baseball clubs aren't the only ones who make fabulous player deals. The Soccer Football Club of Milan, Italy, recently paid \$205,000 for Schiaffino, a South American player—the highest price ever paid for a player in soccer history. Also, the Football Club of Naples just bought Jeppson of Sweden for \$162,500.

### Basketball Time Again

This is the month that the college basketball season picks up momentum. Several tournaments are scheduled during the Christmas holiday period in New York, Buffalo, and in the Sugar Bowl Festival in New Orleans. Catholic colleges will be well represented in all of them. And with plenty of skill and a little luck, they could win all three. Last year Catholic college teams which won national titles were LaSalle of Philadelphia and Duquesne University of Pittsburgh.

Others, like Fordham, Niagara, Notre Dame, Dayton, St. John's of Brooklyn, Santa Clara, Canisius, St. Bonaventure and Holy Cross were among the leaders throughout the season. Here's hoping for repeat performances and lots of baskets for all of them.



# the current scene

frank j. ford

The late Joseph A. Schumpeter, Harvard professor, and author of *History of Economic Analysis*, published since his death, effectively belayed the falsehood that the Church has always stood in the path of scientific advancement and economic and governmental change. "The authority of the Church," he declares flatly, "was not the absolute bar to free research that it has been made out to be. The prevalent impression to the contrary is due to the fact that until recently the world has been content to accept the testimony of the enemies of the Church, which was inspired by unreasoning hatred and unduly dramatized individual events."

Turning his attention to the political field, he says: "Nor did the Catholic doctors countenance political authoritarianism. The divine right of monarchs, in particular, and the concept of the omnipotent State are creations of the protestant sponsors of the absolute tendencies that were to assert themselves in the national states."

As a landmark of scientific analysis, he chooses the *Summa Theologica* of Thomas Aquinas, "which excludes revelation from the *philosophicae disciplinae*, that is, from all sciences except supernatural theology . . . This was the earliest and most important step in methodological criticism taken in Europe after the breakdown of the Graeco-Roman world . . . Exclusion of revelation from all sciences except the *sacra doctrina* was coupled by St. Thomas with the exclusion from them of appeal to authority as an admissible scientific method.

"There was no such thing as a New Spirit of Free Inquiry in the Renais-

sance," he points out. "The scholastic science of the Middle Ages contained all the germs of the laical science of the Renaissance—which continued rather than destroyed scholastic work. The 13th century gave birth to scholastic science as distinguished from theology and philosophy. This holds for the social as well as physical sciences.

"The reason why this does not stand out as it should," says Schumpeter, "is that the scholastic physicists and mathematicians of the subsequent four centuries tended to become specialists in their particular fields and their scholastic background is entirely lost from sight. It does not, for instance, occur to us to associate the origins of the integral calculus with scholasticism . . . or with the Jesuit order . . . though as a matter of fact Cavalieri was the product of both."

Writing on the same subject in the London *Tablet*, Cyril A. Zebot emphasizes that "It was only because of the great spiritual power and continued independence of the Church, which stood behind the clerical teachers, that universities were able to hold their own until the religious split in the 16th century. Toward the end of the 15th century, laical intellectuals and laical science made their appearance. *The Church had no objection to the emerging lay physician and lawyer; it was the most liberal patron of the artist-craftsman; and the Renaissance Popes and Cardinals encouraged new humanistic studies.*"

## Words To Remember

More than a year before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, a young Rhode Islander, named Nathaniel Greene, leaving home to join the new

army in which he later rose to the rank of major general, expressed the spirit then astir among men in a parting letter to his wife.

"The injury done my country and the chains of slavery forging for posterity call me forth to defend our common rights and repel the bold invaders," he said. "Slavery shuts up every avenue that leads to knowledge and leaves the soul ignorant of its own importance. It is rendered incapable of promoting human happiness, piety, and virtue, and he that betrays that trust, being once acquainted with the pleasure and advantages of knowledge and wisdom, is guilty of spiritual suicide. I am determined to defend my rights and maintain my freedom or sell my life in the attempt, and I hope the righteous God that rules the world will bless the armies of America and receive the spirits of those whose lot it is to fall in action."

## A Different Slant

It is the contention of columnist Sydney J. Harris that in the current controversy raging about the influence of comic books on the minds of children, everything has been discussed—except the minds of children. "What is wrong with the comic books," argues Harris, "is not too much emphasis on crime and violence, but the *wrong kind* of emphasis. Children love the bloody and brutal; they always have; they always will; and we must begin with this given fact. Pointing out that crime is 'bad' has little effect on children. They are not as moved by moralistic arguments as we like to think; they don't care if something is labeled 'bad,' so long as it is satisfyingly exciting.



"What children universally and unanimously despise is weakness, and what they just as uniformly look up to is strength. The real task for parents, teachers and writers of children's literature is to show that the criminal is a weakling, not a 'bad man.' It is not a difficult demonstration. The criminal refuses to compete with other men according to the rules society has set; he is like the runner who spikes an opponent, the pitcher who beans a batsman—figures that all children despise. One of the slang terms for a gun is an 'equalizer.' It is a fitting term, for it unconsciously tells us what the criminal thinks of himself: without a gun, he does not feel the equal of other men. *He is fundamentally afraid of the world, and fears that in any fair race he will be left far behind.*

"Making a fictional character 'evil' does not dismay the child's mind; making him weak—as, in fact, he is—would soon disgust every juvenile reader. A child will not respond to abstract *moral-ity* ('good' and 'bad' are simply things parents favor or forbid, for reasons too confusing to understand), but he will respond to moral *qualities*—and depicting the criminal as deficient in genuine courage is the quickest and surest way to deflate his literary reputation."

### The Way To Victory

Recalling that only a few years ago a citizen of Chicago complained to the United States Supreme Court that a public school teacher made reference to God in a classroom, Connecticut's Hon. Thomas J. Dodd, a member of Congress, remarks: "What a far cry from the men who gave us the motto—'In God We Trust.' Our nation's founders believed in God and obeyed His laws. The rights they claimed and obtained for us, they described as endowments from God. The acknowledgement of God as the source of all our rights is the foundation of our democracy. It is the hallmark of our freedom.

"But," says Congressman Dodd, "somewhere, somehow we got away from this belief in God as the author of our rights and from the sense of respon-

sibility that we owe as His creatures. We have continued to be jealous of our rights, but since they have lost association with our Creator, we find them more difficult to preserve and more difficult to defend. Men can fight and die for God-given rights, but men grow tired and weary of the struggle to preserve privileges conferred by merely other men. The dignity of man is what gives meaning to our way of life. That is what distinguishes our system from that of the communists. Communism is not troubled about basic human rights, for it holds that man is only another material animal—a resource of the state, and not a creature of God. The problem of communism is, therefore, not politi-

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### OUT OF THE DARK

In dark recesses of the earth  
The diamond gems are found.  
In the depths of searching thoughts  
The mightiest truths abound.

—EMILY MAY YOUNG

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cal and not military. It is moral. We can never defeat communism except on a moral ground, and it can only be defeated by people who are fundamentally moral themselves.

"If we are to win this contest for the souls of men," concludes Congressman Dodd, "we must do so by convincing others that we have not only a better way of life—but the best way of life. This way of life is something more than a political system or a method of government. It requires that we so order our lives and our affairs as to be at all times in perfect consonance with the Divine Plan. Stripped of all its trappings and terminology the issue that confronts us is essentially a simple one—do we qualify as good people? Good people are those who want their neighbors to have decent homes, good food, proper clothing and worthwhile employment. Good people want all these things because they love their neighbors for the love of God and because they obey God's law."

### Those Comic Commies

George Weller, Chicago *Daily News* foreign correspondent, writing from the tiny seaport of Hopa in extreme eastern Turkey, remarks that trouble occurs there only when a code of mutual conduct is violated. The code has two articles: 1) No photographs. 2) Never point at anything. "A visitor at the frontier," explains Weller, "is warned to stand with his hands at his side. The Russian sentry is watching to see whether he raises his forefinger. If he does, the machinery of 'peaceful co-existence' starts operating. The Soviet sentry, an hour later, passes the word that a Turkish officer must appear the next day on the bridge at a certain hour. When the Turk appears, a Soviet officer is waiting for him. He hands him a note, addressed to the Turkish commander. The note reads: 'On the 10th of October a Turkish civilian was seen standing near the border and pointing in the direction of the Soviet Union. This practice is forbidden. An investigation is requested and a prompt report.'"

At another point along the border, the land has been plowed with a fine harrow, so that it is marked with narrow lines. By this brand of telltale, the Soviets aim to discern whether any human being crosses at night. "Jesting Turkish privates," reveals Weller, "sometimes amuse themselves, on moonlight nights, by walking backward into Russia, then out again in their own footprints, providing the Soviets with phantom refugees."

Then again, from a different source, we hear of an article in a Communist Polish weekly which represents American football as a contest between muscular barbarians "that helps to transform youth into animals. Notre Dame is the special target of the tirade, as the writer solemnly avows that Notre Dame players are trained by the highest church dignitaries in fanatical hatred for their opponents. In 1953, for instance, Notre Dame opponents earned 37 broken legs, 19 broken arms, 3 broken necks, and seven broken ribs and two brain concussions.'"



# Giving The News To The Parish

Vera and Louis Fink

UNNOTICED and pretty generally unheralded, a minor revolution is sweeping over the more than 20,000 churches and missions of the Catholic Church in America. For the first time, it seems, we are using modern methods of communication to let our parishioners know what is going on. No longer do the people have to memorize the schedule of Masses, daily growing more complicated as our rising Catholic population forces priests to have Masses at odd hours and even in odd buildings like church basements and school halls. No longer is there such an excuse for calling the rectory to find out when Confessions are heard; when an infant can be baptized. No longer are our Church societies falling short of their attendance goals because the men and women can't remember the dates of the meetings.

The movement is not new, nor is it original with Catholics. Down here in Georgia where we write, Protestant churches have long published a full page or more in the daily newspaper—telling the public when their services would be held and even offering inducements like “dynamic speakers” and “wonderful healing through faith.” Now at last, Catholics are beginning to do something about letting their own people know what is going on.

For as long as we can remember, the approved method has been to besiege the pastor with notices to be read from the pulpit. The poor man of God had to stand up on Sunday mornings and spend at least half the time set aside for spiritual exhortation to tell us about special collections, cake sales, school openings, Masses on holy days, Altar Society meetings, Boy Scout hikes and a host of other things—all worth-while and all interesting to at least one segment of the congregation.

The drawback has been that the notices were so lengthy—and so complicated in their schedules—that the most attentive parishioner needed a memory course if he were to recall his appointments. When the priest got around to the sermon, most of us were squirming in our seats and our minds were so full of dates, times and places that we had to struggle to give attention to the spiritual message we needed so badly.

Helpful Catholic laymen have finally worked out a solution to the problem. Using such modern devices as the printing press (about 500 years old now) and duplicating machines, lay people have conceived the idea of the Parish Bulletin. This simple device ranges from a Mimeographed sheet to an elaborate bound volume, but it has the same basic purpose: to set down in black and white all future events of the parish, with some comment on past events. The Bulletin is distributed free or at a small charge, and the pastor is free to make announcements of only those events he wants to stress. Everything else is written down in the Bulletin, where the parishioner may take it home and study it at his leisure. Being in black and white, the meeting dates and Masses are not subject to the vagaries of faulty memories.

Every parish seems to have its own solution. Here in St.

Thomas More Parish in Decatur, Georgia, a loyal parishioner runs off a single 8½ x 14" sheet on the Mimeograph. He includes Masses, Baptisms, times for the other Sacraments, club meetings, social events, newcomers to the parish, paper sales, and occasionally an article explaining some new society like—in our case—the Legion of Mary. When there is justification, he staples to our Bulletin (appropriately called *The Utopian*, if you know your Thomas More) a religious tract or pamphlet.

St. Anthony's Parish in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, has an attractive printed folder with a picture of the church on the cover in color. It contains all the detailed information which used to be announced from the altar, and it includes a notice that the Bulletin itself is furnished through the courtesy of a local clothing store.

The Gesu Church of the Jesuit Fathers in Miami has a Mimeographed newsletter, but on the back appear a score of small ads. Presumably the printed ads pay the cost.

In St. Mary's Parish in Rutherford, New Jersey, they also resort to the Mimeograph, but their bulletin has a cover design which illustrates the feast being observed that week. These covers are different each week, but always in color and always inspiring and instructive. They are furnished by the J. G. O'Brien Company of Peoria, Illinois. In each case, the back cover contains religious instruction.

The St. Ann Church of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, publishes a 20-page Parish Calendar on a monthly basis. Localized parish editions are made available from *The Parish Calendar* at 2415 East York Street, Philadelphia. The calendar contains a list of contributors to the church, notices of a forthcoming Mission, Order of Divine Services, articles and advertising.

One of the most elaborate bulletins is that published by Our Lady of Mount Carmel Parish in St. Louis, Missouri. Of pocket size, it contains 76 pages and is published monthly. Basically, it contains all the material in the popular magazine, *Family Digest*, which is published by *Our Sunday Visitor* at Huntington, Indiana. Added to all this reading matter are a schedule of services and some very well-written articles about church problems, including a plea to parishioners to get up early and avoid the crowds at the late Masses!

Information about Masses and other services is furnished in St. Joseph's Church in Marietta, Georgia, by the Holy Name Society. They have a *Holy Name News* which is mailed out; while it contains a parish schedule, it specializes in Holy Name activities.

There are probably other ways of meeting this problem. Whatever the solution, whether by printing press or duplicating machine, it is good to know that progress has been made, and Catholics now have accurate information about their lively schedules. If you don't have a Bulletin in your parish, start asking some questions. And start by asking if you can do something yourself.



## My Many Homes

*(Continued from page 10.)*

ments in thanksgiving before Our Lady's altar, ablaze with lighted candles, flowers and silver votive offerings.

From Milan we drove beside Lake Garda to Stresa, a beauty spot on the lovely lake of Maggiore, noted for its marvelous gardens.

Warned of an early departure, to my query next morning as to where I could find the Catholic church, the porter replied, "Next door." And sure enough there it was. But alas, the Mass was over. So having said my prayers before a statue of the Sacred Heart I joined my companions and we continued on our journey. Soon we were over the frontier traveling through the lovely Swiss countryside with its verdant pastures and soft green larches. We crossed the Bernese Alps by way of the Simplon Hospice for travelers near the summit, founded by Napoleon and completed by the monks of St. Bernard in 1825. After coffee in a cafe on the crest amid the snow we made our descent, many waterfalls rushing in torrents from above or flowing like delicate lace over smooth-faced boulders. And so down, down to the blue lake of Geneva, only to find its waters and encircling mountains shrouded in grey mist. Finally, looking forward to a good meal and a night's rest, we reached Montreux, a well-known resort on the lakeside.

In the morning on my usual errand, encountering a priest, I ask confidently in French, "Please, father, where is the Catholic church?"

With a kindly smile he explains how I can get to St. Joseph's, which turns out to be a fine marble pillared church, its altar adorned with gold-winged angels, its Lady chapel with a Madonna and Child in the palest shades of rose, blue and gold, together clasping a Rosary.

From Montreux we drove through the Jura mountains to Dijon, and the following day through pleasant woodlands, passing the twelfth century church of Avallon and the thirteenth century cathedral of Auxerre to Sens, where we dismount for coffee and a

glimpse of St. Etienne, yet another cathedral of the twelfth century. The interior is lit by magnificent stained glass windows aglow with color, said to be the finest of its kind, and here before a modern statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, I offer up my prayers. Then off we go through the famous forest of Fontainebleau where St. Louis, saint and king, loved to hunt, and its palace in which the tyrant Napoleon abdicated. And so to Paris for the night.

From Paris, passing through towns like Amiens, Abbeville and the port of Boulogne, which suffered heavily in the war, we reached Calais and embarked for the white cliffs of Dover and on to London. I glance for a moment at the tall tower of the Catholic cathedral of Westminster, highest building in London, and I recall that the tower of that church of the Most Precious Blood contains a relic of the True Cross.

And so to my abode in Kensington. The next morning at my parish church, with a congregation composed of Eng-

lish and Irish folk and two or three darker-skinned visitors from overseas, I offered up a Mass of thanksgiving for my safe return home. But had I in reality ever left home? Many years ago as a non-Catholic I attended a Midnight Mass at Christmas. A silver-haired old priest uttered these words:

"My children, on this night of nights as your spiritual father I welcome you home."

"How could a church be a home?" I asked myself. In time I had discovered the answer. For all over the world I have but to ask "Where is the Catholic church?" to find Our Lord Himself in that Church, and tender reminders of His life on earth and His love for men. There, too, I find those dear to Him and to me, His Blessed Mother and His saints, and in addition all those lovely familiar ceremonies binding me to Him and to them; the Mass, the Holy Eucharist, Benediction, Vespers, the Rosary. Yes I have discovered the answer. Truly, the Catholic church is my home.

## DIRECT ACTION

*(Continued from page 8.)*

and the other guard stood paralyzed, trembling. Almost automatically Markoff stammered through his frozen lips, "What are you going to do?"

"Take Bishop Paul Petrovitch out of here," replied the Angel simply.

"And to us?" The guard found his tongue.

"Nothing. I am only sent to save Bishop Paul."

"What will happen to us?" Markoff choked through his mounting terror.

"Only God knows the future exactly," the Angel answered as he moved toward the Bishop, "but surely you can make your own predictions. The precedent I remember for a case like this is the one involving St. Peter and King Herod about 2000 years ago. You can read about it in the Acts of the Apostles—your prison library still has a copy, see Chapter 12. Herod cast Peter into prison between four files of guards, intending to bring him forth to the people after

the Pasch. Herod's men were quite efficient for those days. I had to take Peter out personally."

The Angel tapped Bishop Paul on the shoulder and motioned for him to arise and pull on his coat. The Bishop moved as though he were in a dream; no doubt he believed he was.

The Angel continued, "When Herod found that Peter had gone he angrily questioned the guards, and not believing their story about my part in the escape, he put them to death."

The two guards buried their faces in their hands. Markoff raised a trembling hand to his mouth. His knuckles were white, his face ashen, his lips pale blue.

The Angel lead the somnambulant Bishop out the door. Just before he was gone, the Angel remarked over his shoulder to Markoff, "Perhaps you will have better luck in convincing your superiors than Herod's men did."



# THE QUEENSHIP OF MARY

(Continued from page 4.)

economy of salvation. This widely admired author and brilliant professor of dogmatic theology at the Angelico in Rome reveals a keen insight in his portrayal of Mariology. He has, by his theological acumen, anticipated in his writings in the past the action of the Holy Father in reference to Mary, as, for example, when his learned and forceful pleas for universal consecration to Mary came prior to that particular action of His Holiness. Following in the Mariological path of other eminent theologians of contemporary times, Father Hugon, O.P., and Father Merkelbach, O.P., he has based his doctrine of the Queenship of Mary on sound theological reasoning, as well as on tradition.

MARY derives her Queenship of jurisdictional power, first of all, from her Divine Maternity. If this were simply the fact of motherhood alone in that she gave birth to a son who became King, it would entitle her only to the prerogatives of a queen-mother, a primacy of honor within the realm. While it is true that our Divine Lord is King of the universe even as man, it is true the more so by reason of His Person, Which is Divine. Mary is not simply the Mother of Jesus as man, but of God incarnated, King from the first instant of His conception.

The Queenship of Mary is also founded on her plenitude of grace, her victory over Satan, and on her status as Co-Redemptrix. The Kingship of Christ is based on these aspects, as well as on other things, and because of her proximity to Him under these same aspects, she derives a partnership in His Kingship.

Mary also merited her Queenship at the foot of the cross, standing as Co-Redemptrix of man in union with the Redeemer. To stand at the foot of the cross was indeed most painful to her. It is said that her suffering was so in-

tense that she would certainly have died were it not for a special grace of strength. This was not only the suffering of a mother in anguish for the loss and pains of a son, although it was all of that multiplied many times over, but also it was the suffering in union with that of her Son, which was offered in reparation for sin.

Through the sufferings of King and Queen, the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven were opened. That which caused and impelled their opening was the merit they obtained by reason of their satisfaction for sin. The merits which Christ acquired by His acts of Atonement differed, of course, from those of Mary. His merited Paradise for mankind in the strictest justice whereby the satisfaction rendered was equal to the reward given, not to Himself, but to man. These merits of Christ sufficed infinitely. However, Mary also merited for all mankind, as most outstanding theologians commonly teach, everything that Christ merited for us. This was not by reason of strict justice, for such was impossible, but by reason of becomingness or fittingness based on her exalted friendship with God through her fullness of grace. Thus Mary merited even on earth, by her union with Jesus in the act of Redemption, even before she became Mediatrix in heaven.

MARY exercises her Queenship of power and jurisdiction in heaven as Mediatrix of all graces. This springs as a primary effect from the power of her Queenship, and an extremely powerful effect it is. The two, Queenship and Mediation, are so intimately connected that the Holy Father has decreed that the feast of her Queenship be kept on the same day as her feast of Mediatrix. The feast of Mary's universal Mediation was instituted by Pope Benedict XV. He did so in the light of the teaching of his predecessors, Pope Leo XIII had declared that no grace is given to us except through Mary, such being the Divine Will; and that further, as no one can come to the Father except through the Son, so no one can come to the Son except by Mary, in much the

same way. Pope Saint Pius X had called her the Dispensatrix of all graces which our Lord had acquired for us by His blood. According to Father Garrigou-Lagrange, this universal mediation of Mary, so strongly is it attested to, could be defined as the article of faith it seems. It is at least implicitly revealed in the titles for Mary which tradition gives us, and is universally proposed by the ordinary teaching (magisterium) of the Church.

During the state of way-faring on earth, men have received at all times, and will receive till the end of time, graces through Mary. It belongs to the right of the prerogative of her Queenship to distribute them universally. Even favors granted through the intercession of all the other saints pass through her hands. Prayers which are not offered to her explicitly come under the dominion of her mediation. Even the graces we receive to dispose ourselves worthily for the reception of the sacraments are given to us through Mary. Especially since her Assumption, Mary has a full and complete knowledge of all the affairs of each individual being. While, primarily, her power of Queenship extends to all things spiritual with regard to our supernatural destiny, her power also extends, secondarily, to the temporal and material things of our lives insofar as they have reference to our eternal salvation.

In the splendor of heaven, the glory of Mary's Queenship extends to the happiness of the angels and saints. The essential beatification of the saints depends on the merits acquired in strict justice by our Redeemer, and on hers through her dependence on Him. She is a source of the accidental happiness of angels and saints insofar as she communicates to them the glory of her state; and to them from her come also the divine plans in reference to the Kingdom of Christ. To the souls in purgatory, the mercy of her Queenship is extended most generously and efficaciously. She has intimate knowledge of their individual needs. The satisfaction she made during her life in union with Christ underlies her intercessory prayers for



them. Such satisfaction she never needed for herself, since she was born without sin and was never subject during her life to the least inordinateness of emotion or passion. Out of the superabundance of her satisfaction, she willingly gives to the Church her treasury of merits from which, by indulgences, the souls in purgatory derive a kind of right to deliverance.

Even in the depths of hell, the power of her Queenship holds sway. The spirits of evil are forced, in their hatred, to recognize her power. The attacks of Satan are thwarted by her intervention. The heel of her might still is, and ever will be, pressed on the head of the serpent. But, strangely enough, it is also said that, through the reign of mercy stemming from Jesus and Mary, the souls of the damned are punished less severely than they deserve; that on certain days, including possibly the feast of the Assumption of Mary, their sufferings are alleviated to a certain extent. This is based on St. Thomas Aquinas' opinion on God's mercy alleviating the suffering of the damned.

The illustrious Dominican Patron of Science and Universal Doctor of the Church, St. Albert the Great, quoted by Father Garrigou-Lagrange, sums up Mary's Queenship in his *Mariale* when he says of her that, "she wears the crown of the triumphant Kingdom of Heaven, and of the Church militant, and she is, therefore, the Queen and Mistress of the angels . . . the Empress of the whole world . . . there is in her perpetually a plenitude of celestial power . . . she has the rightful power of ordering to bind or loose by a command. The Blessed Virgin has all power in heaven, in purgatory and in hell. Truly the Blessed Virgin, strictly and in her own right, is the Mistress of all things that fall under the mercy of God, and she is, therefore, the Queen of mercy . . . for she is the Queen of that same Kingdom of which the Lord is King."

Monks and nuns bow deeply and lowly whenever her name is invoked or praised in the solemn process of the liturgy. In doing so, they are far removed from the corruption of idolatry

of which they are sometimes accused. For, if earthly courtiers bow and curtsy in the presence of royalty, who are frail and subject to sin, it would only be expected that we might even lie prostrate at the mention of Mary's name. Royalty itself, down through the centuries, has invoked her name with confidence, and has bowed in submission to her as to their Supreme Queen who ever reigns over heaven and earth.

The faithful in general, and the greatest of saints in particular, have hailed her as Queen. Through Mary's Queenship, Christ the King reigns within our hearts. Those who subject themselves to her rule are made courtiers of the King of Kings, and are led to an

ineffable intimacy with Him that passes all understanding. Only with interior peace flourishing within the souls of individuals will the exterior peace of the world abound. There is always a pressing need of her universal Mediation and universal Queenship. That need is felt much more today when peace glimmers so very faintly, if at all, throughout an unsettled world. Nations, like individuals, can be sinners. The worse a sinner is, the more he must be confided to Mary. The nations of the world must be confided to Mary; they must be brought under the sweet and regal rule of her Queenship that the Kingdom of God may come on earth, as it is in heaven.

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## Helium, The Sun Gas

(Continued from page 6.)

or the "bends" in deep-sea divers; tunnel workers, and others who are forced to work in atmospheres of abnormally high pressures.

The much-dreaded "bends" is a serious condition resulting from nitrogen bubbles coming out of the body tissues and collecting at joints. Formerly, deep-sea divers could not descend more than 300 feet. At this depth the diver would start losing control over his senses including his ability to think or act. In addition, up to four hours were required for the diver to return to the air and normal atmospheric pressures after such a deep dive.

Bureau of Mines' scientists eased this difficult situation by developing a special helium-oxygen atmosphere for use in deep-sea diving. Using this man-made air, divers now are able to go to much greater depths than ever before. The divers may work at these greater depths for much longer periods of time, and they can return to the outside air in a fraction of the time that was required before helium became available for the job.

A parallel situation was encountered when flyers started flying to altitudes higher than 30,000 feet. They developed the "sky bends" due once again to the release of nitrogen gas from tissues be-

cause of rather sudden changes in "atmospheric" pressure on the body. Synthetic helium-oxygen "air" for breathing is doing wonders to overcome this otherwise dangerous and sometimes fatal situation. A helium-oxygen mixture is proving most effective, too, in relieving and preventing common ear troubles experienced by passengers and pilots alike during marked changes in altitude, and particularly when closing down to a destination, and as we enter an age of supersonic stratosphere flight the importance of synthetic helium-based air will grow.

Despite all that has been done and is being done with this curious element, it remains one of the enigmas of modern science. Nobody knows with certainty what caused it, where it came from, how or why the world's supply is concentrated in Uncle Sam's underground natural gas lakes. But as Mr. R. A. Cattell of the Bureau of Mines sums up the present-day status of this universal mystery gas, "Helium, the sun gas, has carried man into the air, helped him dive deeper into the sea, given pleasure to his children, relieved human suffering, and opened up many new fields in science and industry." That this great gift from the sun has an even more remarkable trail to blaze in the future is a foregone conclusion.